

The Cardinal



THE CARDINAL

*Fifth Edition
Published by the
Senior Class*

*State Normal School
Plattsburgh, N. Y.*



NORMAL SCHOOL

*As an expression of our appreciation
we dedicate this book to*
ALONZO NORTON HENSHAW, Ph. D.,
inspiring teacher and friend



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DR. A. N. HENSHAW
Teacher of Pedagogy

Alonzo Norton Henshaw, A. B., A. M., Ph. D.

Alonzo Norton Henshaw was born in Batavia, Genesee County, N. Y. His father, Charles Henshaw, was a lawyer and judge, whose remarkable knowledge of the law was remembered for many years after his death in 1870, and is still spoken of by the older members of the Genesee County bar. With the exception of a year and a half at boarding school, Dr. Henshaw was prepared for college at the Batavia Union School. He took the four years' classical course at Hobart College, where he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and afterwards studied in Germany, receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Leipzig. He was for seven years Assistant Principal of the Omaha High School, and has also taught at Griswold College, Davenport, Iowa, and in the Seabury Divinity School. From 1893 to 1898 he was assistant to the Reverend Dr. R. Heber Newton, of All Souls Church, New York City. He became a member of the faculty of the Plattsburgh State Normal School in September, 1898.

Foreword

We, the Editors of the *CARDINAL* for the year 1917, take great pleasure in presenting this book to the faculty and students of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, and also to any interested friends. It is our greatest hope that its contents will give you as much pleasure as it has given us in the preparation.

Many students are inclined to think that this is a class book since it is published under the auspices of the Senior Class. This is not true. The *CARDINAL* is a school book, not a class book. Thus it should be of equal interest and give equal pleasure to all. Its purpose is to relate a few of the events of this school year (1916-17) and to keep the pleasant memories connected with it, in our minds long after we are separated.

We have endeavored to make this the best *CARDINAL* ever published and we hope that it will be received with generous appreciation.

THE STAFF.



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THE FOUNTAIN

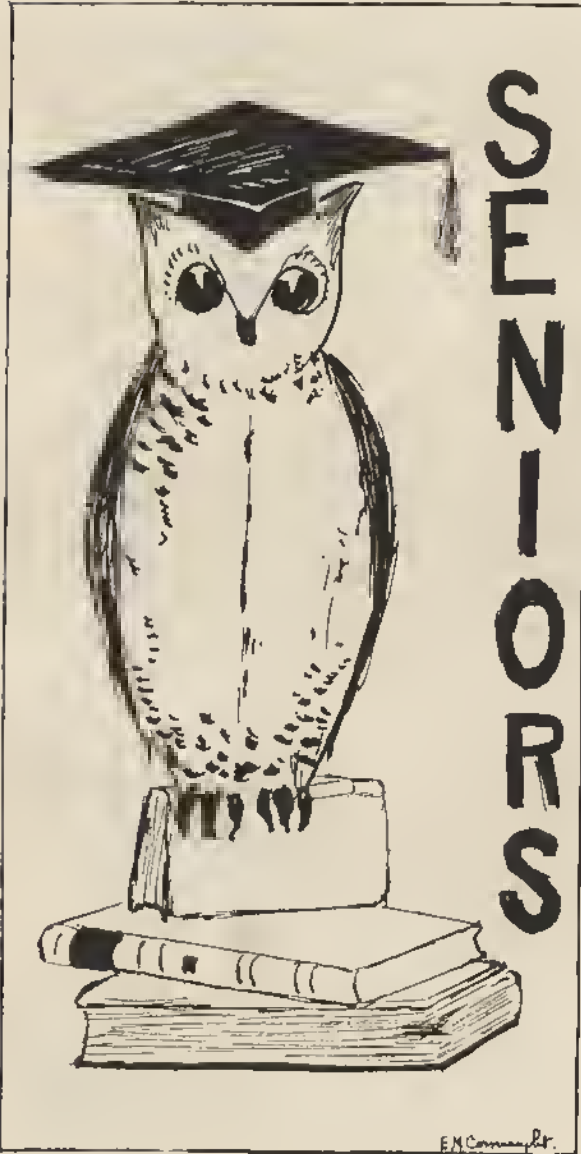
Presented to the Plattsburgh State Normal School by the Classes of 1916 and 1917

Motto

οὐ γὰρ λόγοισι τὸν Βίον σπενδάζομεν
λαμπρὸν ποεῖσθαι μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς δρωμένοις.

(By deeds, not words, our care it is to make our lives illustrious).

COLORS—Garnet and Silver.



Senior Class Officers

ROY R. RUMPF, President

ETHEL M. CORNWRIGHT, Vice-President

ALBERTA V. SHEARER, Secretary

DELOR A. J. BOMBARDIER, Treasurer

ANNA M. WHITE, Salutatorian

D. BYRON BRADY, Valedictorian

"Our Mellow Past"

Years after people began to talk of the Plattsburgh State Normal, the Class of '17, largest ever enrolled in the roster of P. S. N. S., began its two years' march through its time-honored class rooms.

The middle of September, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, marked the beginning of our training days. There was no blaring of trumpets, no beating of drums, nor great declamations. The event was unheralded in the eternal fitness of things; it was looked upon simply as one of the fits.

It was announced only by the steady pour of bewildered looking Juniors—some weepy-eyed, lost, and a little discouraged. Above it all was the merry laughter and ceaseless chatter of the noisy "perfectly at home" over-bearing Seniors, as they assembled in the corridors on that sunny September morning.

Junior year promised to be a novel experience. What were Psychology and Reading Methods in our lives? The generals wore a pleased grin, "The Gods were Good," while the by-word of the Commercialites was "They're piling it on!"

It took but a few days for everything to get under way and for a number of the less courageous members to get out of the way, since several of our number believed that "discretion was the better part of valor" and preferred home, mother, and the piano to Business English and Gregg.

Early in September, the class assembled and chose Mr. Rumpff as its pilot, believing that they had in him a man who would not take a serious situation too seriously, and one who would work zealously in behalf of the class.

Of the first few months of Junior existence we need not speak. They remain as a vivid memory that none of us has forgotten. Rush parties, with all they entail, and Sorority pledging were quite exciting and full of interest. Movies were attended with a quiet dodging of teachers, and through it all there was study, for some a great deal, and for others a little.

Under Doctor Henshaw, both classes were given a steady and substantial diet of Psychology, while the Commercialites partook of Business Arithmetic under Dr. Kitchell. The dessert in the menu was supplied by Miss O'Brien, when we were made don sneakers, and bloomers and mark time—Mch!

Mid-years, with their blackening effect upon some, rolled around.

A most formidable thing which confronted every unexused Junior was an "oral," not mathematical, but psychological. This consisted in passing through a "third degree," conducted exclusively in psychological terms and with the unfortunate subject seated in an isolated chair facing a smiling examiner.

The "Mid-year" dance was an event—the Juniors doing nobly in making it one.

Normal peacefulness was undisturbed until one bright morning in March when a little game of tag was enjoyed through the corridor, a professor being "It." This was followed shortly by a game of "hide and seek." It was such an easy matter to hide for that period this particular morning. Each pair of participants felt perfectly safe in the thought "Oh! we are the only ones playing the game." However, they were checked up and inexcused—the sad fate of an unsuspecting ten.

Then June with the Color Rush—Class Day, when the Juniors rallied and sent bill for bat—Graduation and at last "farewell"—the half-way mark of Normal days was passed.

On September 15, 1916, the Class of '17 reassembled and resumed its climb up the Mount of Perfection. For the second time Mr. Rumpff was chosen as class president.

A few familiar faces were missing, having cast their lots in other walks. We courageously approached our new subjects and rushed wildly for the bulletin board. When some members of our class were posted for the eighth grade, they felt disheartened for vivid memories of a past semester came before them.

Rush season, with its picnics up the river, tea dances, the eventful "middy" dance, when our twenty odd appeared as "Sweet Simple School-girls," the Clonian and Agonian receptions, and finally pledge day, with its usual excitement terminated the social squall.

The next thing of importance to claim our attention was the "Mid-year" dance. In an interesting election Mr. Brady was chosen general chairman to take charge of the important function. After extensive preparations, it was held on the evening of January 30 and resulted in the greatest social success of Normal life, and still retains a cherished place in our memories.

The new semester brought new subjects and new teachers. History of Education with its endless chain of O's and its scattered tens, has helped to make the days bright or dark; English class, with its never changing why, how, where, and when to study Literature; History of Commerce, with its ceaseless expounding advocate, have made dark the happiness, which we might have found in life.

At the present writing, our History can go no farther. In conclusion, let us make mention of members who, though perhaps not mentioned explicitly, have been remembered in every line, and whose inspiring efforts form an integral part of the history of the Class of '17. To Alma Mater, and to our Professors, who have given us these things that we cherish most highly, let us express our sincere gratitude.

K. M. McMARTIN.



LILLIAN COOKE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Poughkeepsie High School.
Delta Agonian.

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 Plattsburgh High School.





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*Delta Omionian. Literary Editor of Cardi-
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Assistant Editor of Cardinal, Basketball.





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Lake Placid High School.
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Falconer High School,
Delta Omicron, Basketball.

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McAuley Academy,
Delta Agonian. Class Song.

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Westport High School; Westport
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Delta Agonian.

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Saratoga Spa High School.
Delta Agonian, Basketball.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Glens Falls High School.





ESTHER E. HANNA, Westwood, N. J.
Westwood High School.
Delta Agonian, Basketball, Honor Student.

EMELIE E. SCHAAD, New Rochelle, N. Y.
New Rochelle High School.
Manager Basketball, Delta Clionian, Honor Student.

D. BYRON BRADY, Utica, N. Y.
Utica Free Academy
Treasurer Welfare League, Orchestra, Valedictorian.

HARRIET DAVEY, Keeseville, N. Y.
McAuley Academy.
Delta Clionian, Basketball.

ELIZABETH GILLILAND, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Plattsburgh High School.

CONSTANCE E. FEE, Mooers, N. Y.
 Mooers High School, Mooers Training Class.
Honor Student.

GRACE A. LACY, Keeseville, N. Y.
 McAuley Academy.
Delta Agonist, Class Poem.

ALLEN H. HALL, Cazenovia, N. Y.
 Cazenovia Seminary.
Basketball.

GERTRUDE PAQUET, St. Albans, Vt.
 St. Albans High School; Villa Barlow Convent.

KATHRYN CONWAY, Keeseville, N. Y.
 McAuley Academy.
Delta Chionian.





RUTH GOODROW, Rouses Point, N. Y.
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Delta Agonian.

TENA MALATSKY, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Glens Falls High School; Glens Falls
Training Class.
Honor Student.

DELOR A. J. BOMBARDIER,
Keeseville, N. Y.
Keeseville High School.
Treasurer Senior Class, Basketball.

This Page to
Our Parents

Horoscope

Name	Pass Word	Hobby	Wish
R. Alexander	Ducky	Shifties	To land them
F. Allen	Not tonight	Checkers	To beat "Korn" at checkers
M. Austin	Durn it	History of Commerce	To get even with Mr. Sinclair
M. Barber	Lesson's too long	Stringing	To get Edward's goat
D. Bombardier	Irene	Money	To become a basketball player
M. Bowe	How do?	Jokes	Not much of anything
B. Brady	I can't stand it	Fiddling	To spend a good old evening
K. Buckley	You're a dear	Ben	To fool Ben
M. Burke	Sakes alive!	Skating	To head a reform movement
M. Cadigan	I don't believe it	Sarcasm	Become a Prima Donna
F. Carey	Second grade	Writing letters to?	Everything
P. Cogno	My wife	Standing in the cold	To keep the girl he has
I. Cohen	I'm going home	Worrying	To get out of P. S. N. S.
C. Colligan	Mr. T. says	Studying	To be a leader in the class
J. Collins	Hello Sweet	Winking	To reestablish "Mike's" popularity
L. Collins	Keep still	Talking	To talk a little more
M. Conley	It's almost 9	Teaching	To stay out late
K. Conway	Oh yes!	Studying	To be a best girl
E. Cooke	C. O. D.	Talking	To see the Albany student
L. Cornwright	I should say not	Argumentation	To have her lesson
L. Cutting	For goodness sakes	Sewing	Become leading suffragette
H. Davey	Hey Willie	A fellow with a car	To be admired
A. Deane	Gosh!	To play violin	Always to have a toothpick
O. DeGolia	Down in Syracuse	Greek	To become interested in her class
L. Denicoro	Nuff fer me	Autoing	To become "Yale's" athletic coach
E. Duffy	Where is you sister?	Arithmetic	To be relieved of taking care of Marjorie
M. Duffy	I'm here	T's office	To help everyone at the same time
M. DuPaul	It's thrilling	Whistling	To be popular with the gents
A. Eckberg	It wasn't that either	Banking	To see it rain again (Flood)
I. Edwards	By heck	Girls	To learn how to say "Good-night" to a girl
E. Falsey	Horrors	Accounting	To carry notes for the Business Manager
C. Fee	Is that so?	Daren't tell	Doubtful
W. Fenaughty	Got your prob- lem?	Study	To get a job and settle down
H. Foisy	Bonne Nuit	Giggling	A loving wif—e
K. Fox	See John	Savages	To earn degree M. R. S.
R. Fuller	What for?	Bragging (past)	That she won't have to teach long
M. Gates	Good-night	Teaching penmanship	To be with Ben in the Ford
M. Gill	Mary for short	Ivan	To cut some one else out
E. Gilliland	Say, I'm scared	See trouble ahead of time	That she may get out of trouble
R. Goolrow	The girl up home	Dancing	To show some one a regular town
A. Hall	What are you smoking?	Eye the Junior girls	To be down in Syracuse on Saturday night
E. Halpin	Did you get your promise?	Economics	To see the promise fulfilled
E. Hanna	For de lawd sake	Tennis	To get a man
B. Haynes	See or yet?	Hall dates	To live with her forever
V. Herewith	Milton	Moonlight sails	He would come back
F. Hewitt	Charles	Walking	To become a carpenter
K. Hickey	It won't come up	Pulp maps	To find a helpmate

Name	Pass Word	Hobby	Wish
M. Hladky	Don't eat the ooker ones.	Jokes	To get a good wad ef gum
E. Johnson	Am I blushing?	Doing favors	For someone to study for her
M. Kelly	ED.	Church-going	That he would be there
L. Kornhauser	Get your Cardi- nal	Gettling moneey from Juniors	To be as tall as "Ducky"
M. Kornhauser	Got any gum?	Worrying	Leo would always have his lessons
L. Kuhn	Stop it	Foaling	To be President of U. S.
G. Lacey	Cut it out, kid	To make people think she works	To be a poet
E. Malatsky	You bet!	Music	To become a ballet dancer
T. Malatsky	Good-night!	Drawing	Te be a movie actress
A. Mattson	Where's Dr. Kit- chell?	Work	To remain perfect
A. McCrea	Hulle!	Introducing people	To keep up a good standard
V. McGaulley	Sh—	Teasing	Solo dausense
K. McMartin	Isn't he darling!	Bluffing	To fool the Faculty
M. McMasters	Isn't it wonder- ful?	Changing her dress	To be a chaperon
G. McNutt	What are you talking about?	Walking alone	To belong to a dentist's family
A. Miles	Oh, that I were tall	Gordon	Te live in Montpelier
A. Nelson	I'll choke her	Bossing	Everyone should look up at her
G. O'Connor	Oh Laws	Singing manual	Te go West (Why?)
J. O'Keefe	I want it stopped	Keeping quiet	To talk less
G. Paquet	You don't say so!	Music	Gness
M. Phillips	I worked	Work	To work some mere
M. Powers	Gracious	Working at the "Post"	To get that photo for someone
A. Putnam	Really—I don't think so	Music	That the rest of the orchestra would practice
W. Regan	He's the nicest fellow	Matrimony	To be in Eagle Pass, Texas
E. Retchless	Oh, dear	Smiling	To answer Leo's questions
R. Rumpff	Peggy	Singing in Chapel	He could slug
E. Schaad	Oh, yes	Getting "ads"	To get back my man
M. Scharrer	Mr. T.	Jim	She didn't have to leave him
E. Searles	Do me a favor	Bookkeeping	She had a man
J. Shay	Oh, Byron	Work	To see Buffalo (Bill)
A. Shearer	Mac	Movies	That he didn't leave
A. Sherman	MR.	Beys	Te study gentlemen
C. Sisson	Fer the love of Pete	Blushing	A certain fellow wouldn't tease her
G. Smart	That's what I heard	Movies	To be a first-class teacher
N. Smith	She doesn't mean it	Reading accounting	She would get that job
S. Smith	I don't mean it	Law	"T" would get fired
W. Smith	Gonna meet Stan- ley?	Horseback riding	He didn't excuse himself for breach of etiquette
E. Seper	Very good	G. K.	Study all the time and not have it found out
R. Turner	I'm slow, slow, slow	Rook—	She would get up on time
J. Warren	I'm going to study	Katzie	That his hair would part on the side
R. Washburn	Oh, dearie	Winking	To be tall
M. Way	What is it Tom?	Work	To achieve success as an editor
R. Wheeler	I'm discouraged	Military affairs	That someone would return
T. Wilson	I learned it like this	Arguing	Te get someone's goat
A. White	I'm glad I stud- ied	Working	To be a successful student

President's Address

According to a long established custom it is my duty at this time to say a few words of farewell to you the Class of 1917, before we go to take up our work as men and women. I have said duty, for duties are usually hard to do and this is no exception. I believe we all realize that the testing time when we shall discover whether we have built upon foundations of sand or rock is close at hand. All the petty trials and troubles of our school days will be trivial to those we must face, for the curtain is drawn back and we see life in all its fullness. It is now we must see the great school of life as Freshmen, green and untried. Now we must test our metal by the metal of men and women whom we must meet on their own ground. We will fail or be successful only in so far as we have profited by our failures in the past, only in so far as we have worked to place our foundation upon the rock of knowledge, only in so far as we follow out the teaching of our class motto—"By deeds, not words, our care it is to make our lives illustrious."

Classmates, I assure you that I appreciate the honor you have bestowed upon me and I wish to thank you for the way you have striven to make our two short years together, years of happiness—years never to be forgotten:

A word of explanation may not be untimely for many know it has been the custom for each class graduating from the State Normal School to present to the institution some token of its esteem. The class that I have the honor of representing today has foregone, in a measure, the honor of presenting its own gift to the school, by joining with the Class of 1916 in the presentation, last June, of the fountain which adorns the pond on our campus. I have always thought that the unselfish spirit shown by the Class of 1917 on that occasion was one of the most landable deeds to which our class can point, for unselfishness in times of joy or sorrow is one of the greatest things that binds human hearts together and without which we can never expect to clasp the hand of real friends.

ROY RICHARD RUMPF.

Quantitative Versus Qualitative Civilization

All histories tell us that man first began life as a savage and from that stage he has progressed steadily up to his present position in the world.

If we should refer to the oldest traditions and historical annals we should find passages which give a broad insight into the crude customs and conditions which prevailed in ancient times. We should be able to observe closely the steps taken towards human advancement from the original state, known as the hunting and fishing stage down to the present and greatest of all, the industrial stage. We should learn that civilization did not gain a good footing in the world until the agricultural stage. Therefore, we may justly attribute the birthplace of civilization to Egypt, as it was there that agriculture probably first appeared.

It will be well for us first to consider the growth and spread of civilization taking as our examples the countries in which it originated. There we find two methods by which civilization was disseminated, War and Commerce.

Nations whose military history is confined to defence and whose industrial pursuits are mainly internal, may preserve their civilization, but will not influence nor be influenced by outside nations. Conquering and trading nations, however, impress their political, social and religious institutions upon conquered nations and thus influence and are influenced by those from without. The first condition is fittingly illustrated by China, India and old Egypt. China and India have remained practically secluded from the outside world except when forced into war to defend their lives and homes. Egypt, although nearly the same, was prevented by Babylonia and Syria from being entirely isolated, and emerged from its seclusion about 2000 to 1500 B. C., when the conquest by and expulsion of the Shepherd Kings gave to Egypt a new era in history.

Babylonia, on the other hand, presents to us a country of the second type. This nation being an extremely hostile and extensively commercial people was a powerful agent in the spread of civilization. By means of its numerous conquests it was able to impress its institutions on those whom it conquered. Its extensive commerce enabled it to teach new arts to the distant countries and inform itself of their different habits and processes.

It was to this country that civilization first spread from which it was scattered over Syria, Palestine and Assyria. The whole region became the home of culture and formed a tempting prize for the greed of warlike nations. It was there that the battles were fought which gave the Assyrians their history. There was the origin of the Phoenician state and Hebrew Kingdom and at a later date

the seat of the Babylonian Kingdom which fell into the captivity of the Persians and constantly changed hands with various nations.

It is with the growth of the family governmental principle, however, that we are here immediately concerned. This organization of primitive society separated at a very early period into two distinct branches, which separation has had a vital influence upon all the subsequent history of mankind although its effects have not yet been pointed out by any historical critic. These two forms of organization were: the patriarchal, and the village unit. The former group represented a single family unit under the leadership of the patriarch, while the latter was composed of an association of families each under its hereditary head. In each case the head gained his position by election.

In these two antique forms of family organization we can perceive the germs of the two subsequent types of political society, the despotic and the democratic.

China, one of the archaic civilizations, which was recently overthrown, yielded striking indications of its origin. This nation illustrated the despotic type with the patriarch or emperor as head and the citizens obedient to his slightest command. The religion of this nation was a direct outgrowth from its ancestors, the emperor being the spiritual as well as the temporal head of the people.

In the Persian, the Macedonian and the Roman empires alike there was a combined despotic and religious supremacy, the monarch being at the head of all the institutions of the state. It was no new idea of Alexander and the Roman emperors when they claimed to be gods. It was the ancient patriarchal idea, which they seized upon either through their shrewdness or conviction as the true relation which they bore to their people. In all these cases the power of the emperor tended towards absolutism and the suppression of the people.

In fact in all the important Asiatic governments and in the organization of the Macedonian and Roman empires the influence of a single original principle of human organization appears. The patriarchal system of single headship was the ruling idea of government. It was, in later governments, much influenced by other conditions, and in Greece and Rome it had the democratic system to contend with. But in these later states it established itself by conquest as in the earlier states it grew up from barbarism. Democratic Rome was as much conquered by its emperors as democratic Greece was by the Macedonian despot.

This first developed system has led to the centering of all power in the hands of the monarch, who is considered by them as head of the church, father of the people and imperial owner of their possessions.

In China alone did this system long sustain itself. Elsewhere other potent influences have worked their way in, and ideas have been derived from more progressive states. This system has been, and is, downward towards decay

through irremediable imperfections. Even in China this is true. The system has been tried and found to be impractical. The other system, that of a democratic nature, is everywhere succeeding the former and seems everywhere to be marked by unceasing progress. The old proverb that the first shall be last and last shall be first seems applicable in this instance.

The unfoldment, however, of this modern type of government has been opposed by two vigorous forces, those of the sword and the church.

Democracy has been the dominant system of government in practically all civilized countries. True, there are instances where despotism exists; but as was stated before, these exceptions are due chiefly to invasion from without or suppression from within by enforcement of military power. These conditions are well illustrated in the cases of both Greece and Rome, the democratic development of the former having been checked by the invasion by Rome, while that of the latter having been overthrown and replaced by the despotism of the general army.

In France the king at first was supreme, but when the king became absolute the people began to strive for self-government and the rule of the people is now the government of France.

In Germany the lords held supreme power until recent times in which the ambition of Frederick the Great, the Napoleonic wars and the conquering efforts of Prussia destroyed the electorates and brought the whole land under the sway of an imperial master.

The Netherlands and Italy present instances in which the cities held supremacy, while Spain alone exhibits a nation in which the church permanently held the ultimate authority.

With England the people maintained supremacy, although not without effort, as numerous attempts were made to overthrow the power of the people and to establish despotism.

While there still remain monarchies in Europe, there is not one whose existence is not seriously threatened by the growing vigor of the republican sentiment, as has been recently illustrated by the overthrow of absolutism in Russia and the establishment of a democratic government by the people.

The greatest example in the history of the world of a democratic government is the United States of America. Here the democratic form of government existed from every beginning and it seems quite capable of being extended to embrace the whole world.

Today, an event of measureless importance has happened in the history of mankind. Practically every nation is engaged in the fiercest and bloodiest war ever thrust upon the human race, a war in which oligarchy and democracy are the foremost principles at stake. The most important phenomenon of this world-

wide catastrophe is the fact that it was brought on by a nation which, up to the loosening of the present scourge, had enjoyed universal admiration. It is a difficult problem to solve why Europe and America could so deceive themselves as to take as a model a people which was preparing such a frightful calamity amid the world's confiding torpor and admiration. This people was pursuing that new ideal which makes progress consist in the increasing production of riches, in the perfection of mechanism, and in the complete enslavement of natural forces to the desires of man. This ideal should be called the quantitative, of which Germany was the author. This nation has surpassed all others in the development of its natural and mechanical resources. And to what end? Simply to utilize science as the fearful servant of destruction and death. And this hateful and terrible use of it is peculiar to the country where modern civilization was thought to have reached its highest point.

How did the world overlook the old qualitative ideal of society in which man no doubt sought after riches and well-being yet subordinated to pre-occupation of taste, morality and religion their desire to enjoy life and their liking for strength? The world was hypnotized by the growth of German material riches and did not see that pride, ambition and covetousness, as well as love of power were also growing in Germany, until they brought on the present war.

The present struggle is not simply the antagonism of two forces. It is the first crisis of a civilization, a crisis of humanity. No age, no social condition, no sentiment, no religion is spared.

So long as civilization remains on a quantitative basis it will be more and more unstable. Increase of the wealth of nations will mean increase of war. Economic recovery will be rapid and each catastrophe will be followed by one still more terrible.

The transference of industry from the quantitative to the qualitative basis would be the greatest reform ever accomplished without great suffering and great though perhaps temporary economic loss. Of all the paths now open to us this is the one which promises the least suffering and economic loss.

Civilization has been constantly drifting and can be likened to a vast whirlpool. However, after the present conflict it is certain that the world will awake from its stupor and the qualitative theory will be pursued by all.

A new civilization will thus set in with a firmer and more stable foundation than it has maintained heretofore, and the principle set forth in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal shall go on and on until it has been established that the governments of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

PATRICK H. COGAN.
Class Orator.

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'17

Over the bridge of yesterday
My thoughts have turned tonight
And out of the far off distance
Comes a tender, glowing light.

And centers around the friendships
That were made at Normal School;
Tho' the chance and change of fortune
Have taught us many a rule.

It may be that Earth's tomorrow
Holds for us no meeting place;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall meet you face to face.

But when memory seeks a pleasant trip
And choice of pathway comes;
Hurrah for Class of '17!
And the days when we were chums.



THE MILL UP THE RIVER

Charge to the Juniors

Once more you numbskull Juniors have straggled into place and sit with open mouths and with those "please help me" looks.

Mr. Shallies from the first realized that he had a problem on his hands, for six long months of careful studying and wise planning elapsed before he mustered up courage enough to corral you Juniors in the study hall. Sorry were we for your noble leader, for after the stampede, he was found in a snowbank, limp, speechless and exhausted from the exertion.

You Juniors, not having the common sense to realize that the nation had enough to do without bothering with incidentals, but yet realizing the strength of the Class of Nineteen Seventeen, called upon Uncle Sam for protection by choosing red, white and blue as your colors. Then to show your utter folly, gloated over the fact that the Seniors did not take them off. We Seniors knowing the duty of patriotic Americans, left the National colors on those struggling to become American citizens.

You Junior boys well knew your place when you took back seats in the Assembly Hall, while you girls (we did not hear any boys) produced a horrible discord. We Seniors, like good spouses, remained true to our "foster fathers," the faculty, and listened like a father harkens to the little child when he tries to say "papa" for the first time.

Determined to make good for your failure you tried to entice the Senior boys with candy but we farsighted Seniors, knowing that we came for work and not for play soon wrecked your "ship of fate" by refusing to accept your repeated invitations to call.

That was a good front you put up, but deep down in your hearts, Juniors, you knew that you were "green." That is why you selected two members of the class to ent classes, steal the Charge to the Juniors and take it into the class meeting so that you might become enlightened and try to look at least half witted today. You laid siege to the typewriting room but it was in vain. Your visions were shattered. You admitted that you were foolish for calmly beneath the impending danger, sat a Senior busily engaged in typing the Athletic material for the CARDINAL.

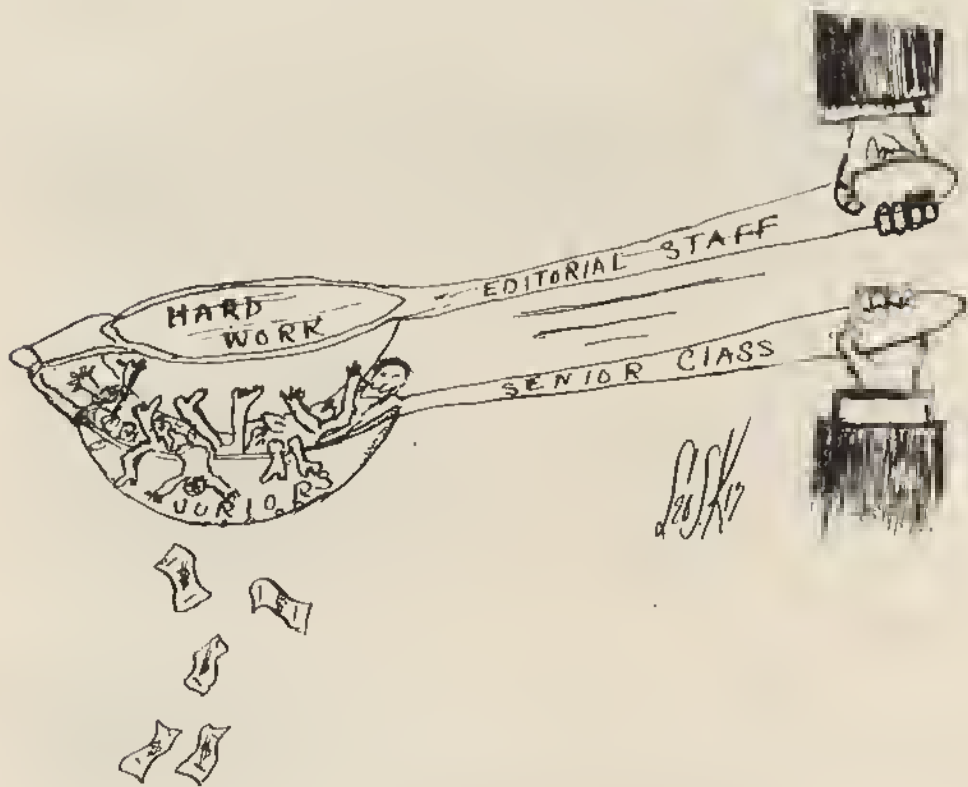
You could not conduct class meetings, you knew little or nothing about them, so your official representatives held staff meetings where the Seniors could look on and give advice. You possess an overwhelming amount of class spirit, so

much so that when one of your classmates was asked if she were going to attend the class meeting, she smiled demurely and replied, "What, that old thing!"

Proud were you to wear the "Garnet and Silver" for you broke into the Seniors' rooms. When you found that there were only a few that did not put their colors under lock and key and not daring to cut class for fear of getting an unexcused absence, you bribed a poor little innocent high school girl to go downtown and buy some.

Members of the Junior Class, we have guided you on, smoothed the rough roads, comforted you when you were homesick, let our work slide to pull you out of a "hole." We have done everything in our power to help you, but now the time has come when we must lay off. You must from now on depend upon yourselves. We leave our Alma Mater in your trust and it is up to you to see that her honor and glory are borne as high as they now stand. And by all means, strive to raise her to a height that she has never soared before.

H. WALTER FENAUGHTY, 1917.





Junior Class Officers

HUBERT GIRARD	President
KATHERINE M. ROBB	Vice-President
ELEANOR S. JOHNSON	Secretary
VICTORIA P. DUGAN	Treasurer



Junior Roll

ABRAHAMSON, FRANCES L.	Jamestown, N. Y.
ANSIELLWITZ, IDA H.	Tupper Lake, N. Y.
AUSTIN, MABEL	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
BAKER, ELIZABETH W.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
BARROWS, CLARA P.	Crown Poin, N. Y.
BECKWITH, KATHRYN W.	Whitehall, N. Y.
BOND, HELEN S.	Keeseville, N. Y.
BROOKS, ESTHER	Norwich, N. Y.
BUTLER, MADELINE G.	Schenectady, N. Y.
BYRNES, IRENE	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
CAGWIN, ESTHER A.	Rome, N. Y.
CARMODY, ELIZABETH	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
CARPENTER, CHARLES E.	Altona, N. Y.
COFFEY, EDYTH E.	Plattshurgh, N. Y.
CONIFF, LUCILLE M.	Whitehall, N. Y.
CONROY, MARGARET	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
D'ARCY, MARGARET M.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
DAVIS, JUNE	Brainardsville, N. Y.
DEWEY, FLORENCE E.	Bloomingtondale, N. Y.
DEWEY, MARIETTA	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
DONEHUE, MARIE	Rochester, N. Y.
DONEHUE, MARTHA E.	Rochester, N. Y.
DOUGAN, VICTORIA	Mineville, N. Y.
DUNDAS, GERTRUDE	Port Henry, N. Y.
ELLENWOOD, LAURA C.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
ETIENNE, OLGA V.	Tupper Lake Junction, N. Y.
FINN, FRANCES	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
FISK, MARION	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
FRAZIER, FRANCES	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
GAVIN, CATHERINE E.	Stockbridge, Mass.
GIRARD, HUBERT	Plattshurgh, N. Y.
GLOOR, RUTH E.	Rochester, N. Y.
GOLLEY, MARION G.	Rome, N. Y.
GOODMAN, ANNA E.	West Chazy, N. Y.
GORMAN, MARGARET E.	Saratoga, N. Y.
GRAVES, ELIZABETH	Norwich, N. Y.
GRAVES, FRANCES	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
GREGORY, GENEVIEVE	Center Valley, N. Y.
HALLER, KATHERINE P.	Hewlet, Long Island, N. Y.
HAWTHORNE, DOROTHY	Newburgh, N. Y.
HILL, MILDRED S.	White Plains, N. Y.

HINDS, MILAPlattsburgh, N. Y.
 HOGAN, MARION R.Whitehall, N. Y.
 HONSINGER, DORIS C.West Chazy, N. Y.
 JOHNSON, ELEANOR S.Whitehall, N. Y.
 KAPLAN, JULIANew York, N. Y.
 KARIEN, FLORENCE L.Boonville, N. Y.
 KATZ, MARTHABurlington, Vt.
 KELLY, MARGARET J.Witherbee, N. Y.
 KENNY, RUTH C.Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 LYON, MARY E.Willisboro, N. Y.
 LYONS, CHARLES J.Peru, N. Y.
 LYONS, DOROTHY M.Valcour, N. Y.
 MALATSKY, ELIZABETHGlens Falls, N. Y.
 MARTIN, MARION L.Lake Placid, N. Y.
 McQUILLAN, CATHERINE E.Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 MEAGHER, HELENUpper Saranac, N. Y.
 MESSICK, AVIS O.Cicero, N. Y.
 MILLER, ANNA J.Atlantic City, N. J.
 MILLER, ZELDAWhitehall, N. Y.
 MYERS, CARL R.Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 NEUNER, CHRISTINE M.Port Chester, N. Y.
 NICHOLS, WELTHA L.Elizabethtown, N. Y.
 O'NEILL, MARGARET L.Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.
 O'NEILL, PEARL M.Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.
 PALMER, ALICEKeeseville, N. Y.
 PARKHURST, MARION C.Burlington, Vt.
 PATNODE, STELLA M.Ellenburg Center, N. Y.
 PETTET, MADELINE D.Atlantic City, N. J.
 PURVIS, FLORA A.Brooklyn, N. Y.
 ROBB, KATHERINE M.Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
 RYAN, MARGUERITEPlattsburgh, N. Y.
 SCRIVER, BEATRICE M.Champlain, N. Y.
 SIGNOR, RUTH E.Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 SIMONS, ANNA C.Tupper Lake, N. Y.
 SLATER, RUTH I.Jamestown, N. Y.
 ST. HELAIRE, ODELLA A.Rouses Point, N. Y.
 TRACEY, MARGARET M.Cambridge, N. Y.
 TUCKER, MILDRED A.Boquet, N. Y.
 WEEKS, GERTRUDE G.Watertown, N. Y.
 WOODRUFF, HELEN K.Lewis, N. Y.

Reply to Seniors

Be it known that the P. S. N. S. Class of 1917, designated as Seniors, which pretends to be our dignified superior is a farce and that in the eyes of those outside looking in and of us Juniors, most judicious observers, your effectiveness by pretense is undone.

We can quite see, Seniors, that it must be extremely annoying to be short of goods in a class supposedly so superior. Perhaps you haven't understood the combination of substances. While there is yet time we suggest the service of an analytical chemist who might submit your raw material of every description to analysis. Then, Seniors, if you could be fed into a big mixing and kneading machine having steam heated rollers or other appliances your composition might be raised to a degree that would develop those lacking class elements—a mity of enthusiasm and sportsmanship. And you yourselves, Seniors, must admit that you are in great need of something of this nature. We believe in system, order and discipline for the sake of those with whom we are associated. Also, we believe in giving full credit to others because real worth cannot be hidden very long and a professed Senior is not a far-sighted individual. Incidentally, the most efficient classes are those in which the members understand what they are doing and believe in their method of procedure.

You cannot help but recall the day we assembled for class election and the day you gave your screeches; the day we rendered our class song; your marching to the tune of that song; your lack of patriotism evidenced by wearing red, white and blue colors in your shoes; and, last but not least, your vain attempt at dictating to us Juniors how we should govern our affairs.

You made your first "hone" play the afternoon we assembled for class election. A reverberant quiet prevailed among you Seniors when the meeting was announced, but "The Future Great" weighed that atmosphere of poltroonery and gave it a special little cell.

Immediately after we assembled we overheard a few orders given out by some upper classman but no one could arouse any spirit, even the girls seemed utterly dejected. You paced up and down muttering to yourself in bitter hopelessness. Suddenly some inquisitive person forced the light of glass from the transom sash and the result—you Seniors always gave us a pain but never one so widely spread and in such small fragments as you did that afternoon. Cowards that you were—you scattered like coyotes but left your cleverness behind you. You could not cover your tracks for you were frightened at the sound of your own voices; you were nervous, your fingers shook, your voices quivered when you spoke and this ignominious humiliation was apparent for weeks afterwards. Then gradually you came back to your normal senses, but we are not saying what they are, and you thought you had recovered a little of your cleverness. Like a crowd of "Loving Charlie Chaplin rough stuff" yelling yourselves red in the face you were thoroughly convinced one morning that you had put one over on us Juniors. We are glad you think so but it might have been more effective where you could not have been heard. Such screeches no living being ever heard before and for that reason alone we believe the event well worth recording.

You displayed still more of your intelligence when with soulful and heart-thrilling harmony we gave a stirring rendition of our class song. We admired

your attitude and the expressions of joy. We envy gentlemen, note we say gentlemen. Our understanding of such an individual is one who is courteous and refined in manners. We would like to inquire if an individual who deliberately crowds to one side the girls of his own class and marches out of assembly ahead of them, is a gentleman. You can draw your own conclusion. The triumphant strain was very indicative of our genuine class "pep." Those of you Seniors who did not enjoy the morning exercises but preferred march time were also well provided for that very afternoon. You see we Juniors took great care in arranging to please every individual Senior. You marched beautifully to the strains of our song and this being our first, we Juniors take the opportunity to congratulate you. You did splendidly and our efforts were not in vain. We believe in keeping our superior posted on what we are doing so as to simplify supervision.

We have frequently been annoyed by friends calling our attention to such an unusual class. Of course we have agreed with them and we trust they have not taken us too seriously. There is an old saying "Knowledge is Power," hence we account for your lack of power. The value of a class is determined by what it does and surely it does only what it knows how to do.

We did not intend to deal so lightly with you Seniors and trust you will pardon us, but to overlook the faults of our inferiors is a virtue which a very few possess and we are compelled to do this in order to hold up the high standard of our class. We are well aware that the time is at hand when you are about to bring your Normal career to a close. A few months will find you scattered from coast to coast and each of you will be left alone to forge the path of destiny, to climb that ladder of fame. We have met among you, Seniors, individuals most worthy of respect and friendship, in fact we have cultivated warm friendships and good friends are worthy of many sacrifices. Surely this day is looked upon with much sadness. We are satisfied in knowing that you have been sincere workers and you may rest assured that your efforts have been recognized.

HUBERT GIRARD.



1917 Class Song

Tune from Rubenstein's Melody in F

Wreathed with flowers and
Glad with bird songs
Hail to the month bringing
Joy, yes and tears.
Joy o'er success that
At last crowns our efforts;
Tears for the memories
Of P. S. N. S.
Memories for teachers
Who've ever been faithful,
Classmates we've met
And friends we have made
Memories and lessons that
Shall in the future
Remind us of duties to do.

Favored are we for our
New life begins
Crowned with incentives
Kind, noble and true.
Rising unbidden as
Farewells are said
Fall away midst our tears.
Sweet are the tho'ts
Of days spent at Normal
Tho ne'er did we think it
Those days free from care.
Let's ask God to help us
Entrust to his keeping
The years following '17.

ANNA MILES.



Delta Chapter

What sweet memories the word "Ago" will bring to the girls of the Delta Chapter! Very few of us knew much about frats, sororities and secret societies when we arrived here, plain unsophisticated Juniors. But we were hardly out of that line on the third floor with our text-books filling our arms, when whispers came to us of "frat" teas, dances, and what not.

Girls, will you ever forget the happy times that fairly carried us away for the next few weeks? Those days of rushing that followed! With what beaming faces you entered the study hall the morning following that wonderful chafing dish supper or that perfectly adorable hour with Mary Pickford. Down in your heart a new hope was springing up that left you wondering and wondering. Poor Seniors wondering too how they would make the allowance stretch until the next check came.

The Corn Roast up the river was the Juniors' first taste of what real fraternal life is. Such delicious, tender corn and sweet butter. Not forgetting weenies, mustard and crisp brown rolls! We all got better acquainted that day, didn't we, looking for "just the right ear"—or waiting with empty cup in hand for coffee and steaming frankfurters? But the clouds had been as busy as we. The hurrying and the throwing of things together that followed the first clap of thunder and the big drops that fell thick and fast on many a hatless, umbrellaless cornroaster! Wasn't that trip home delightful!! Rain coming down in torrents while as many as four of us tried to squeeze under the same umbrella. Small good it did, for every other minute you discovered a new rivulet trickling down your nose, neck and the arm that tried to keep the umbrella from being turned inside out. Then that oozy, juicy, feeling of your feet! But that rain got no farther than our clothes for it dampened our spirits not a whit.

On the night of September 21st groups of laughing, prettily gowned girls and jolly boys waited down stairs for the time to go through the receiving line. The Seniors viewed with no end of amusement the nervous fidgetiness of the Juniors, forgetful that but a short year ago they were enjoying the same fidgets. But finally the last had gone through and the music and dancing began. Tired and happy every Normalite went home that night.

Several informal affairs followed but to the Juniors "Pledge Day" was a proud one. Those bits of blue, gold and white bestowed early in the morning made the wearers happier than mere words can ever express.

But everything has its price! Dire missives of impending evils were found on the desks one morning, full of threats and mysterious meanings. For a whole day "Silence must be kept or else blood by the gallon would be shed." How

sorely the Juniors were tried and tempted that day, the torture some of us endured in not daring to speak—for at every turn, at one's very elbows, an "Ago" was bound to pop up, and every uttered word meant an added penalty. The mode of initiating that was used that night, those screeches, those howls of anguish that came from maidens shorn of their glossy locks will you ever forget, girls? And then what happened the next day to some who took too long to make up their minds that night?

During the winter we enjoyed many pleasant literary meetings, the Christmas tree and the straw ride. But during January our first partings with friends so dear to each of us came. A farewell party was given to those leaving, and with sad hearts we bade them farewell, for who knows—some of us may never meet again. Later we had the misfortune of losing several more Agonian Sisters. Their loss has ever been felt for their place seems here.

March found us sharing our fraternal joys with a number of new sisters whom we welcomed cordially.

Alpha Kappa Phi! What name of our Normal days sounds more sweetly in our ears? On hearing it the heart of every zealous Agonian Sister thrills with joy and happiness. She has bound us to her and to each other, with tender cords of love. Sooner or later our paths divide but let ever the memories of AKΦ inspire and encourage us to aim ever at high ideals, the highest type of true womanhood.

P. M. O'NEILL.



AGONIAN HALL

Salutatory

Teachers, Fellow Students and Friends:

One year more has gone by, one graduating class more is added to the list. A class once more is assembled to celebrate its commencement day, and by your presence here, we feel that it carries with it your sincere interest.

Our Normal School days have been pleasantly associated and as we look back upon our tasks and failures, which seemed so dark, they appear today as shining lights. We are separating to take up the work that our hands and hearts shall find to do. May these tasks be met and overcome in the strength of the high ideals, which have been imparted to us and are going on to make their everlasting impression on those with whom we come in contact.

As we go forth to manifest these ideals of life, may wisdom and perseverance enraptnre our whole being, for the good of others.

We have now to begin with the steadfast purpose to succeed in the work which we have selected. May we then not forget

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

In behalf of the Class of 1917 I extend to you a most cordial welcome.

ANNA M. WHITE.

Alphabet

- A** is for Austin and Allen and Alex, too,
In commercial lines what can't they do?
- B** is for Barber, Burke, Buckley and Bowe,
The Juniors can't ask them a thing they don't know,
And also for "Bomby" the man with a Byru(es)
Who left, but came back to finish the term,
Also for Brady, the musician renowned
Who settles the questions how ladies are gowned.
- C** is for Collins, Colligan and Cohen
Who always seem to be up and a-goin',
Also for Cadigan, Carey, Cutting and Cornwright
Who don't mind a bit to study 'til daylight,
Then there's Conway, Conley and Cooke,
Who never cheated but just took a look,
We mustn't forget Cogan, the cute little lad,
Who when amongst thorns is then never sad.
- D** is for Davey, Duffy and Deane
Take it from me they're all pretty keen,
Also for DeGolia, DuPaul and Denicore,
If their names weren't so hard I'd think of some more.
- E** is for Eckberg, the shorthand shark,
Who tells all of us to "study after dark."
Also for Edwards, the tall, lean lad
Who seeks the Barber whenever he's sad.
- F** is for Fenanghty, who towers over all,
But "Rnthie" says "Duckie's not very tall."
Also for Foisy, Fox, Falsey, Fuller and Fee
That takes in all the F's I believe.
- G** is for Gilliland, Goodrow, Gates and Gill
Whom you'll all agree have worked with a will.
- H** is for Hickey, Hewitt, Haynes, and Hall
They aim pretty high, we hope they won't fall,
Also for Hladky, Herwerth, Hanua and Halpin,
Who talk all the time especially when restin(g).

I is for initiation that cometh to all
And when it came to some I know they did hawl.

J is for Johnson, so quiet and shy,
Who will take any man this side of the sky.

K is for Kelley and the Kornhauser's, two,
Withost them we would not know what to do.
Along with these K's I'll throw in a Kulm,
I'd tell you lots more but I haven't got room.

L is for Lacey, so sedate and refined,
Who says could she Yudel (yodel) she would all the time.

M is for Mattson and also for Miles
Who gives Dr. Kitchell a great many smiles.
Also for the Malatskys, both "Tena" and "Eva,"
Who says that "Glens Falls is the one city this side of the sea."

Mc is for McMartin and likewise McMasters,
We stop all their bluffin' by using mouth plasters.
Also for McGaulley, McNutt and McCrea,
When you think of them what would you say?

N is for Nelson, with the wonderful voice,
She'll talk upon anything—whatever your choice.

O is O'Connor and Julia O'Keefe,
'They both are so different this must be brief.

P is for Powers and Paquet so fine,
No matter how quiet they'll be missed all the time.

Q is for questions given by the teachers,
To answer correctly we'd have to be preachers.

R is for Rumpff, our wise Pres-i-dent,
We hope to the "White House" he may be sent.
Also for Retchless and likewise Regan,
If they get positions I am sure they'll be savin'(g).

S is for Scharrer, Schaad and Shay,
If they weren't together what would we say.
Also for Shearer, Sisson, Smart and the Smiths three,
To give them their medicine takes some more than me.
Let's not forget Soper who's smarter than you,
If you don't believe it ask her, she'll tell you so, too.

T is for Turner, so dainty and sweet,
Who makes us all think that "still water runs deep."
Also for tests we'll never forget,
They made us shiver and shake, and have a cold sweat.

U is for us—Class of 19-17,
The brightest of all that the Normal has seen.

V is for vacations we held dearly each year,
But when we can't return we'll shed many a tear.

W is for White, Washburn, Wheeler, Wilson and Way,
Who study all night as well as all day,
Also for Warren, known better as Jehial,
When it came to decorating he worked all the while.

X is for xams we got every morning,
How we'd watch for those papers,
For they were our warning.

Y is for yesterdays spent in Normal Hall,
Where we shook with our essays remembered by all.

Z is for zeal you see on each face,
As into life's battle, we march to our place.

KATHRYN FOX.



THE FIRST CORRIDOR

Ivy Oration

Before our heart strings vibrate to the minor cadences of a "farewell" to these happy days, filled with the atmosphere of youth, let us pause to add our final pledge to our Alma Mater.

To us, these moments of the Ivy planting are the most potent, the most enchanting with the happy, yet overwhelming sense of responsibility. This hour means our conquest and our promise.

Classmates, there are many regrets for parting. The bond of companionship must be broken. But the friendships, beneficial as well as pleasant, shall endure. Today begins our lives as teachers. The joyous confidences with which we face the future compensates much for the breaking of school ties. It awakens light feelings in the heart. We are going forth filled with the longing to employ the whole ascendancy of our intellects and characters for the prevalence of the ideals of a true genuine Americanism. We all have definite social standards and goals toward which to aim. For the accomplishment of these designs our Normal School instructors have done much by their skillful teaching of sound knowledge and by the proper development of the art of teaching.

This is our leave taking, and as we look into the faces of those, whose interest has been our advancement, and whose reward is our success, we pledge lives of useful service and of loyal devotion to our Alma Mater.

MARY H. GILL.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of Nineteen Seventeen

We, the Class of 1917, of the State Normal School, City of Plattsburgh, County of Clinton, and State of New York, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament in the manner following, that is to say:

FIRST—We direct that all our just debts be paid.

SECOND—To our little Junior Friends of 1918, we most willing bequeath a little of our brilliancy which we can easily spare and of which they are in great need; our place of esteem and due regard in the eyes of the Faculty and City of Plattsburgh and a large amount of cooperative class spirit which they failed to display this past year.

THIRD—We bequeath to the Class of 1918, the exceedingly great privilege of occupying the seats in chapel and of appearing at least twice upon the rostrum.

FOURTH—We give you the right to use the Gym for all your social functions, informal as well as formal as the occasion may arise.

FIFTH—To the Boys of the Class of 1918 who are the roses among the thorns, we give the privilege of becoming interested in and intimate with the girls who will enter the Normal in September.

SIXTH—We grant to the Commercial Juniors the permission to utilize the bookkeeping materials (red ink, pens, rulers, etc.) of next year's Junior Commercialites.

SEVENTH—The Class of 1917 most cheerfully bequeaths to the Class of 1918, the daily quizzes in History of Ed. (They say a word to the wise is sufficient. Take it, Juniors).

EIGHTH—We, in consideration of the deferential respect and esteem which you have always extended to the Class of 1917, do hereby individually and severally bequeath:

To the President of the Class of 1918 a private room downtown wherein, behind bolted doors, he can hold his class meetings.

To Miss Irene Byrnes we do bequeath a Bomb and a Dear which when put together will give her a Bombardier.

To Miss Marian Fisk, we give a pair of boxing gloves so she may easily cope with the Class of 1919.

To Misses Woodruff, Tucker and Dugan, we bequeath a bungalow with all rights reserved as to the entertainment of the other sex.

To Miss Hawthorne, we demise Pat Cogair's desk in all her classes and give her the privilege of using the acconuting room as a study hall.

To Misses Robb and Abrahamson we give a season's ticket to the Colonial.

To Miss Frances Frazier, we bequeath a (bleeding-heart) Plant.

It is too bad the Normal Pond is a body of still water bnt to atone for this, we bequeath to Carl Myers a running Brook.

To Miss Anna Miller, we bequeath 500,000 Mexican Dollars, to be held in trust by the Class of 1918, so she may have a fence built around the Normal Pond to prevent her from falling in.

We are sorry the day does not contain enough time for Helen Bond but we have arranged that another hour is added to the 24 for your convenience, Helen.

To Miss Pettet we have given a copyright to publish a book on Atlantic City.

To Miss Mika Hinds, we bequeath a Rusty Bell.

To Misses Catherine McQuillan and Frances Graves, we leave the prescription which Miss Hanna and Mr. Edwards used to make them tall.

To Miss Purvis, we bequeath a D. & H. mileage to Carthage.

To Miss Katz, we will a position in the Normal of critic over critics.

To Miss Finn, we leave a Tarr McMurray's Geography. (We hope you will always have it when Miss Carroll calls on you).

To Miss Kenny, we bequeath all the Seniors' books which we have highly treasured and preserved for the present little Juniors.

To Miss Parkhurst, we bequeath an aeroplane in which she can cross the lake.

To Misses Butler, Golley and Cagwin, we leave the School Victrola to keep the neighborhood awake.

To Miss Ellenwood, we give a speedometer to hasten her pace.

To Miss Ryan, we bequeath a stretcher for she desires to be Long.

To Dot. Lyons, we bequeath a permanent front seat in the study hall and in Dr. Heushaw's History of Ed. class.

To Miss Slater, the Class gives the iron mine in which Norman superintends in Witherlee.

To Miss Gertrude Weeks, we bequeath a set of garden tools so she may assist James on the farm.

To Miss Pearl O'Neill, we bequeath a book of advice on "How to Take Care of My Sister," and also a memorandum book in which to keep the data of all she borrows and lends.

To Miss Alice Palmer, we leave an admirer.

Lastly, we do bequeath to the Faculty and all the students our Class Gift given jointly last year by the Junior and Senior Classes and the enjoyment to be derived therefrom. To the Faculty, who have shown by their cooperation and keen interest that they have had our welfare at heart, we bequeath to each and every one of you loyalty and respect, and a lasting appreciation of the thoughtfulness with which you have labored with us and for us. May we leave with all, the memory of a Class whose aims and ideals in life are high and pleasurable recollections of hours spent together and difficult duties now completed.

Furthermore, we hereby appoint Dr. Geo. K. Hawkins, Principal of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, executor of this our last Will and Testament hereby revoking all former wills by us made.

In witness whereof, we, the undersigned have herewith subscribed our names this twenty-first day of June in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred Seventeen.

CLASS OF NINETEEN SEVENTEEN, TESTATOR.

PER MARGARET SCHARRER.

Witnesses { N. POND
 { N. TOWER
 { N. JANITOR



ALONG THE LAKE

Senior Gifts

- FRANCES HEWITT—A rolling pin to use when she's a Carpenter.
JULIA COLLINS—A sweater of her own to avoid borrowing others.
BUMBARHER—Something good for Byrnes.
LEO K.—A Ruby.
BRADY—A cheap, white, washable, shirt-waist and skirt.
OLIVE DEGOLIA and EMILY JOHNSON—Fashion Plates. So that they may keep ahead of the times.
R. ALEXANDER—A duck, that she may always have "Ducky."
A. SHEAKER—A love ballad entitled "Gone but not forgotten."
A. MILES—A telegram from Montpelier.
M. DUFFY—A man. "He's the sweetest thing and dances like an angel."
M. KORNHAUSER—A bed. So she may have a quiet place to rest.
MARY McMASTERS and KATE McMARTIN—Book entitled the "Bluff Sisters" containing a thousand new ways to bluff.
WM. SMITH—A bottle of hair tonic. Guaranteed to grow hair while you wait.
ANIELLA MATTSO—An umbrella, that she may always be prepared.
M. BURKE and E. CORNWRIGHT—Asbestos caps to prevent ignition. Safety First!
MAE WAV—Book entitled "The Cardinal" to remember the pleasant evenings she spent with Leo.
TENA MALATSKY—Something with which to cultivate her voice.
ANNA NELSON—A vanity case.
ROY RUMPEE—A bungalow whose scheme is White.
R. WHEELER—A bar of honey soap to wash away her pouts.
COGAN—A bottle of Hawthorne Soothing Syrup. Guaranteed to help the "I can't think of the word" cases of heart affliction.
A. HALL—A pitch-pipe to help him with his vocal work.
AGNES ECKBERG—Book entitled "What I Don't Know."
K. FOX—A position as private secretary to the principal of Ansible Forks high school.
M. DUPAUL—A position as artists' model, that she may make use of her poses.
THIRZA WILSON—The Floor.
MR. SHALLIES—Megaphone. To make himself heard in the Study Hall.
DR. HENSILAW—A pair of Wing-foot shoes to catch the Juniors in their "bloom-ing" performances on Gym Days.
MR. CORRELL—A patent push and pull.
ANN MCCREA—Sure cure for sarcasm.

KATHLEEN R. BUCKLEY.

The Soul

A thousand, yea—ten thousand years!
And we are naught but as the dust!
Now in a fleeting second here
We vainly strive for fame or power;
We sell our souls for worthless things,
We drone away our precious hour,
Or, we content with worldly gain
Deprive of all the best,
Forget all else and never aid
Our fellow-man or chance to see God's handiwork,
All nature as it lies for us.
Ah! Better never live at all
Than such a life—without the love
Of God or man or nature,
A mere existence—full of wretchedness,
With no fond hopes before it.
What lies beyond such living, tell?
The grave and then eternity
An endless time in solitude
No fellow-man but all alone,
As down through ages time doth go,
No end—no change.
The soul shall live for all eternity.

MILDRED S. HILL.



Delta Clonian Chapter

The Clonian Society consists of a group of about fifty happy girls, assembled at Plattsburgh State Normal School from all parts of our fair country. Clio signifies the qualities of character in which we are unsurpassed; C for cheerfulness, L for love, I for idealism and O for oneness.

The Sorority was organized in May, 1893, and has for its aim debating, the investigation of subjects of a literary character as well as the improvement and social advancement of all connected with it.

This year has been an especially happy and memorable one to the Clonian sisters. The first day school opened we had a special meeting and arranged for an informal gathering in the "gym" that afternoon. All the students were invited, in order that the new girls might meet each other and feel at home as quickly as possible. Refreshments were served and many pleasant friendships started.

Our first regular business meeting was held on September 19, at which it was decided to make our cozy-corner more "comfy" by new covering and more pillows. We elected for our literary work this year the study of American authors and poets.

The first entertainment given to the Juniors was a Middy-Blouse Dance held in the "gym" on Friday evening, September 22. We were surprised by the entire force of Normal fellows turning out in middy-suits. They looked fine and assisted in making the evening a great success. A week later the Senior Clios who were taken in in Mid-Year, ('15-'16) were initiated and in no half-way manner. The following week, we had twenty-three new girls as guests at our Literary meeting. Then came our Formal Reception in the "gym." The decorating and refreshment committees proved very efficient and the three piece orchestra completed the essentials to a very delightful evening. One of the best times in Clio was at the Literary meeting of December 15. The Junior members of the Society arranged the program and recognition of their talent was accorded them by the appreciative Senior members.

Miss Julia Shay, Grand Vice-President, and Miss Marguerite Ryan, Junior Delegate, left Wednesday, February 14 for Convocation at Oneonta. They returned very enthusiastic over the hospitality afforded to them and gave very interesting reports.

A Thé Dansante was held in the gymnasium the Saturday before Lent. The room was very prettily decorated, the music charming, the attendance good and

an enjoyable afternoon was spent. At mid-year according to previous custom eight girls were taken in as members of the Clonian Sorority. They were our guests at a Literary meeting and were pledged on Wednesday, March 14. The first Friday after Easter a joint meeting of Agonian and Clonian Sororities was held at the Normal. Readings and musical selections were given by members of each society. A very friendly atmosphere prevailed and the evening proved much too short.

During the year as a financial aid to our treasury we had two candy sales: on November 4, and December 23, 1916. The receipts from these were acceptable.

The one event which always stands out as the most enjoyable and of greatest benefit is the annual excursion to Burlington under the auspices of the Clonian Sorority. This year it occurred on June 9 as the school term drew on towards its close.

It was with regret that we parted at our last meeting, realizing that the end has come and the two years to which we looked forward as long: had proved too fleeting.

E. I. FALSEY.



CLONIAN HALL

ATHLETICS





Athletics

On October 19, 1916, a meeting of the Athletic Association took place and the following officers were elected:

H. WALTER FENAUGHTY	President
MARY H. GILL	Vice-President
LEO S. KORNHAUSER	Treasurer
D. BYRON BRADY	Secretary

It was decided that P. S. N. S. would have basketball and tennis as in previous years.

BASKETBALL

Early in the season the squad reported in the gymnasium to Mr. Thompson, "Father of Athletics in P. S. N. S.," with only Captain Rumpff and McGovern of last year's team, and the rest, "green" material. Mr. Thompson went to work and after a few workouts, molded a team into a machine that did him credit and the men who worked credit, when we take into consideration the small amount of time that the men had to receive instruction and practice.

On November 4, 1916, the squad went to Chazy in Denicore's machine to meet the fast Chazy team in an out-door game. It was rather cold and as it had rained the night before it was anything but pleasant to "plow up" the mud, but the boys took hold and worked hard.

At the end of the time the score stood 8 all and the captains of the respective teams decided to play it off. The Normal succeeded in caging the first goal and came out wet, sore, cold and muddy, but victorious. Collins of the Chazy team was "there" and it kept our man McGovern busy watching him.

The line-up was as follows:

Hall, Denicore, l. f.	Rumpff, r. g.
McGovern, r. f.	Kornhanser, l. g.
Allen, c.	
Referee	Fenauhty
Time of halves	20-15

On November 10, 1916, Chazy came down with a determination to make up for the beating that they got on November 4th. The game was hotly contested. The Normal fought hard but could not stem the tide and received its first defeat of the season by a score of 17 to 14.

The line-up was as follows:

Rumpff, l. f.	Kornhauser, l. g.
McGovern, r. f.	Bombardier, r. g.
Edwards, c.	Allen, c.
Referee	Lewis, P. H. S.
Time of halves	20 minutes

On November 24, 1916, Ausable Forks came to Plattsburgh under the leadership of John Savage, Captain of last year's team of P. S. N. S. It looked good to see John in action once more. Rumpff and Kornhanser played their usual hard game while McGovern amused himself by caging them from all angles and all positions. Savage and Morse did the bulk of the work for Ausable Forks.

The line-up was as follows:

Rumpff, l. f.	McGovern, l. g.
Bombardier, r. f.	Kornhauser, r. g.
Allen, c.	
Score.....	Ausable Forks 20, P. S. N. S. 14
Referee	Fenaughty
Timer	Mr. Thompson
Time of halves.....	20 minutes

On December 15, 1916, the team journeyed to Mineville and there met defeat at the hands of the Mineville team by a score of 32 to 19. The team was considerably outweighed by Mineville. The wire screen backboards proved fatal to the many tries which the Normal boys had to cage goals.

The line-up was as follows:

Rumpff, l. f.	Kornhauser, l. g.
McGovern, r. f.	Allen, r. g. and Bombardier, r. g.
Edwards, c.	
Referee	Winchell, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Timer	Weleh, Mineville

On Friday, January 19, 1917, in the Normal gym the Normal School team met and defeated the Plattsburgh High School team by a score of 20 to 18. This was the first time in the history of this institution that the Normal School team was able to defeat the High School team. Our boys deserve great credit for this feat as we have only nineteen to pick from while the High School has upwards of one hundred.

The game was close and the first half ended in a tie, 11 to 11. In the second half the blood and rivalry ran high and the Normal nosed out the High School by one field goal.

The line-up was as follows:

Bombardier, l. f.	McGovern, r. g.
Rumpff, r. f.	Kornhauser, l. g.
Edwards, c.	
Referee	Nichols
Timer	Smith
Time of halves	20 minutes

On Friday, February 9, 1917, on the High School court, the High School turned the tables upon the Normal and defeated our team by a score of 26 to 19. The game was hard fought and although the High School team was victorious, they knew that they had been through a game when time was called.

Arrangements were made for the "rubber" but unfortunately our schedule was discontinued.

The line-up was as follows:

Bombardier, l. f.	Kornhauser, l. g.
Rumpff, r. f.	McGovern, r. g.
Edwards, c.	
Referee	Nichols
Timer	Deane

The team greatly missed McGovern when he had to discontinue school. Mac was a man that would stay till the end and after he left the team discontinued the schedule.

TENNIS

In the early fall a tennis tournament was arranged and the following teams entered:

McGovern and Allen

Edwards and Fenaughty

Kornhanser and Haynes

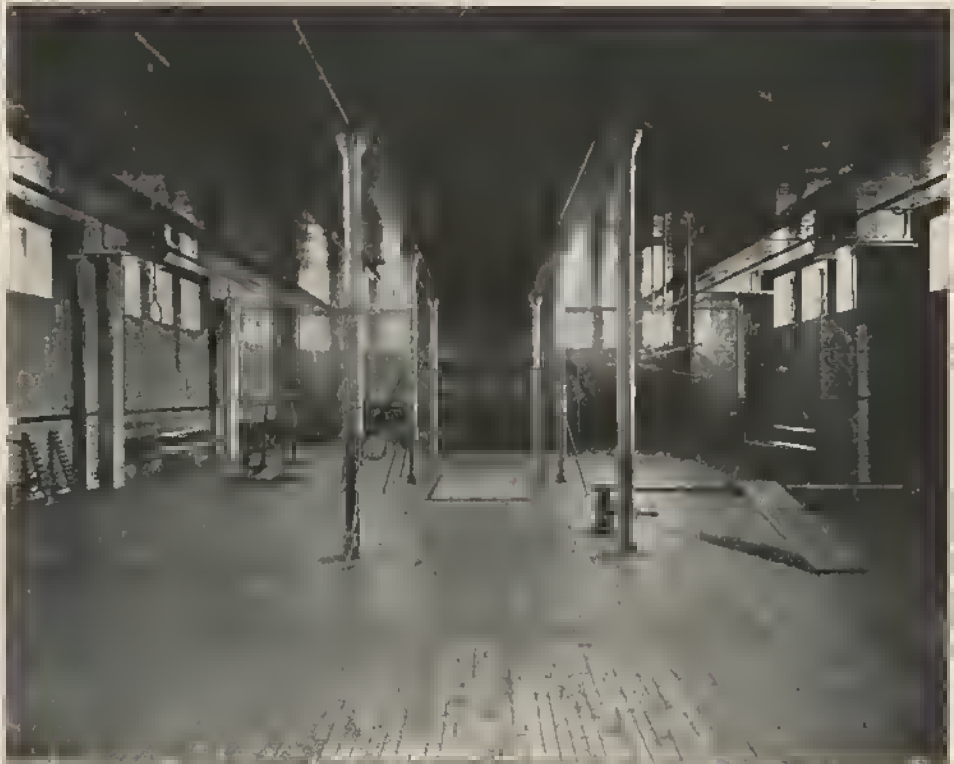
Rumpff and Myers

The games furnished much interest and gave a boom to tennis. McGovern and Allen got first place.

The courts have been put into shape for the spring and many of the students are now enjoying themselves at this favorite pastime.

A tournament is now being arranged and it is hoped that more teams will enter.

H. WALTER FENAUGHTY, 17.



"THE GYM"

The Students' Welfare League

The Students' Welfare League held its first meeting soon after the opening of the Normal in September. The following officers were elected for the year:

ETHEL M. CORNWRIGHT President
FAY ALLEN Vice-President
KATHLEEN R. BUCKLEY Secretary

The city was divided into districts and a leader was chosen for each district. The leaders were as follows:

Section I Katherine Fox
" II Sara Smith
" III Margaret D'Arcy
" IV Anna White
" V Margaret Scharrer
" VI Agnes Eckberg

A constitution was drawn up and approved.

The League has done a great deal toward looking after the students who were in boarding houses, doing such work as carrying meals, keeping them posted in their school work, etc.

It is sincerely hoped that the league will continue its good work in the future.



THE WOODS UP THE RIVER

Junior Class Poem

Farewell Seniors—Luck to thee
In all thou undertake,
Go forth full armed to meet the foe,
Thy future is at stake.

But let fall off the mantle
Which thou hast worn so true,
To strong and willing shoulders,
To the class—Red, White and Blue.

The senior role we now assume,
But we're not unprepared,
We've worked and played and sung with thee,
Thy hardships we have shared.

We've labored here within these walls,
And learned that he who strives
For the higher and the nobler things
Helps many other lives.

And this will be our mission
While in this school we stay,
To help the other classes
Upon an upward way.

We'll profit by thy errors,
And thus shall prove to be
The class of all the classes
This school shall ever see.

In work, in play, in gloom and joy
We'll stand so staunch and true
To dear old P. S. N. S.
And the class Red, White and Blue.

That when it is our time to leave,
These walls shall fairly shout
"Oh, World, throw open wide your doors,
Class '18's passing out."

MADELEINE D. PETTET.

Junior Class Song

(TUNE—*A Merry Life*)

Some give—to Seniors all their songs and praises,
And like it well, and like it well;
While others—think 'tis never worth the both'ring,
So cannot tell, so cannot tell;
But we, we love to spend our time in singing—
To Juniors true, to Juniors true;
To keep the air with songs and praises ringing,
O Class to you, O Class to you.

CHORUS

19—18 jolliest class of all!
Hearken, hearken, hear the merry call,
Tra-la-la-la- etc. ;
Red and white and blue
To you our hearts shall e'er be true.

So give—to Juniors brightest of the bright ones,
Full rousing cheers, full rousing cheers:
And may they long be happy and successful
Through coming years, through coming years,
While herein P. S. N. S. all our memories
Shall finally dwell, shall finally dwell;
We all shall hope to meet some time in future,
And who can tell, and who can tell.

CHORUS

Class Song of 1918

(TUNE—*A Merry Life*)

We came
To chapel hall on Monday morning
To sing our song—to sing our song;
The chord
It was so very loudly given,
Was given wrong—our dear class song.
But Oh!
When one by one we started in to sing it,
Our only song—our dear class song,
To set
The whole school laughing very loudly,
"I was very wrong—our time was gone!"

CHORUS

Nineteen eighteen, we're some kids we say,
We're some babies won't you let us play,
Da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da;
We said—
"We tried to fool the Seniors
But we were fools instead!"

And now
The second, worse, we boldly started;
It was to laugh—it was to laugh.
Our song
Again we could not get it started;
There's something wrong—yes, very wrong.
So we
Sang out and did our very best,
But oh the dence it was no use.
Oh dear,
We could not bear to see the teachers
And all the rest—to our distress.

CHORUS

Nineteen eighteen, please let us have our way,
We want our dollies—Seniors, let us play;
Ma-ma-mama, ma-ma-mama, ma-ma-ma-ma,
We squawked.
It sounded like the dickens,
We only talked—I say we squawked.

Class Prophecy

Have you ever experienced the delightful sensation of waking early in the morning, and thinking, "I am going to have one of the happiest days of my life?"

Such was my thought, when I awoke the morning after my arrival in New York, from "The Beautiful Isle of Ease" off the coast of E. Z. Land. It was a balmy spring morning in June, and oh—it did seem so good to breathe American air once again.

New York—our beautiful metropolis was in its glory. Our boys—what were left of them—were coming home; lean, bronzed and worn, but smiling and victorious. The war was over! The United States had been given the protectorate of Enrope.

I couldn't wait to see them—what was keeping Kathleen? Yes—surely marriage must have changed her, for, in the old days, Kathleen was never late when there was a rookie parade or drill to be seen. But then, Kathleen didn't always have a seat of honor in the President's stand especially reserved for her, for Benny Haynes hadn't always been Mayor of New York!

A tap at the door and in stepped the subject of my thoughts. In a moment I was led to the French window and into a magnificent taxi-a-plane. I had read and dreamed of the sensation of soaring through the air like a great bird but the realization was far more wonderful than either. Oh! how high we were going—I began to feel nervous—buildings and people were becoming mere specks. The driver—yes, the driver, appeared worried. "Kathleen, there must be something wrong."

Oh! was I frightened? She had forgotten that it was my first ride in a taxi-a-plane. They were by far the safest means of travel and as for the driver's expression—didn't I remember Ida Cohen and had I ever known her to wear any other than an expression of anxiety?

"Do many women aspire to so high an ambition?" I asked. "Why, since we women obtained the vote we do everything from cultivating the soil of the earth to circumnavigating the moon!" she answered.

To my relief, we gradually began to descend, the outlines of old flat-iron were becoming visible—but what was that huge building beside it? That, Kathleen explained, was "Flunkers' Institute," a charitable institution conducted by the Misses Kuhn, McCrea, Searles, Halpin and Austin. Its object was to serve as a refuge for poor Normalites burdened with conditions and failures. What sort of success were they having? Well, the school was never empty; at least,

they were always sure of three or four, for Edith Soper, Anna White, Marie Hladky and Ethel Cornwright were still spending their summers there.

We were nearing our destination now, and further conversation was useless until we were seated. The President's grandstand was a veritable fairyland of color, flowers and waving flags. The strains of "The World is Upside Down," gradually gave way to the "Star Spangled Banner" as we arose to greet the President and her Cabinet. On they came, a stately row amidst the shouting and waving of flags. What! Who was the President!!! *Anna Carroll, President of the United States!!!!* So that was the secret Kathleen had been reserving for me—Anna Carroll was President, with six members of the illustrious Class of '17 in her cabinet—Hazel Foisy, Grace O'Connor, Catherine Hickey, Mary Kelley, Gert McNitt and Margaret Burke, with Mary Cadigan as her private secretary and Gladys Smart as her legal adviser—all smiling in response to the cheers which greeted them.

"Do you know," I confidently remarked to Kathleen, "Miss Carroll always had the same effect on me as a hot lemonade?"

"How's that, as if you had had a turkish bath?" was the answer.

Hush! the President was speaking—Oh! would those children in front of us *never* be quiet! "Such little savages!" I said.

"Verily," laughed Kathleen, "They happen to be those belonging to John and Katherine."

The soldiers are coming! everybody at attention—"Kathleen, who is the lieutenant on the splendid grey mount? And by the way, the commander's face looks familiar."

The lieutenant, she informed me, was our old friend Ivan, Margaret Barber's husband. The commander, no other than Dr. Hawkins, our former Principal, who had been serving his flag for nearly eight years; Walter Fenaughty having taken his place at Normal with Ruth Alexander as assistant.

The lowest row of benches had been reserved for the officers' wives. Kathleen began pointing them out. First, the one with the light hair was Adella Mattson, wife of Lieutenant Jehial Warren; second, Evelyn Rechless, wife of Commodore Deane and the third, Mrs. Herwerth-McFadden. The very tall woman who was minus a few front teeth was Mrs. Lobdell, formerly Chloe Sisson.

Just then my attention was diverted by a mother frantically rescuing her child, whom she called "James Junior," from a perilous position. My eyes followed the rescuing arm and I was amazed to recognize Margaret Scharrer. Such an excellent opportunity for a chat could not be missed so we moved down to the seat beside Margaret and her small son.

During the course of the conversation she told me that Lillian Cook was not

occupied in accordance with her name but that she kept books for Wainmaker & Co., while her six footer of a husband did the house work.

"Do tell what became of Frances Hewitt," I exclaimed.

"Oh, Frances has turned out to be just exactly what we all thought she would be—a Carpenter."

Later she told us that Nan Smith had migrated to the West, where she was a dentist's assistant. Upon inquiry she informed us that Fay Allen had turned out much better than anyone would have thought, having settled down as a sober, industrious citizen engaged in the upkeep of "Graves."

The parade moved on. The Red Cross nurses in their pretty white uniforms passed before the stand, followed by doctors and surgeons, their cheerful faces showing no signs of recent hardship. Although it was difficult to recognize them in their unusual costume—no severe white dress could change the sweet smile of Emily Johnson or lend dignity to the manly stride of Mae Way. Although I did not recognize them in their uniforms—Kathleen told me that Mary Powers, Rae Washburn and Julia O'Keefe were also in that noble band.

"Who are those lone figures among the surgeons following?" I asked. "Why that is Marie Kornhauser, wife of the famous manufacturer of Spearmen Gum, marching along by the side of Catherine Conway now a renowned and famous veterinarian."

The end of the parade came in sight and the great throng began to disperse in different directions. Most of them answering the call of hunger to the various eating houses and restaurants for lunch. I suggested the Waldorf-Astoria for our destination but Kathleen informed me it was no longer Waldorf but the McGaulley-Lacey Astoria. Its owners assuming the respective duties of business manager and chef. Here at least were two girls' lives developing along the promised lines. Oh, yes! How they used to long for Wednesday and the cooking class.

Passing down Broadway our attention was attracted by a barker carrying a huge placard. I remarked that had it not been for the large tortoise shell glasses and the age of the bearer, I would have thought I was back in Plattsburgh and a small boy was announcing that Charlie Chaplin would be in town tonight! Amused we looked more closely and beheld in the bearer, Leo Kornhauser, his youthful ambitions fulfilled by the title of Advertising Manager of the Ruby Theatre on Turner Street. He recognized us instantly and we had a long talk over old times. He proudly informed us that he was introducing to the public the world renowned singers, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, formerly our old classmates, Allen Hall and Kate MacMartin.

Presently we found ourselves seated at a table in the McGaulley-Lacey Astoria. A few tables away sat the noted Judge Cogan and his small daughter

Dorothy. He appeared glad to see us and invited us to attend a trial which was to be held the next afternoon. The accused in the case being no others than Lucy Cutting and Florence Carey charged with frivolous conduct and seriously disturbing the minds and emotions of innocent young men. Having another engagement it was impossible for us to accept but I have no doubt they were acquitted in spite of their past history; for not only Judge Cogan but both the plaintiffs and the defendants, Mary Gill and Amelie Schaad as well as the court stenographer, Mrs. Haycock, were all classmates of the accused, and say what you will, blood is thicker than water. The solidarity of the Normal everybody knows!

As we were rising after luncheon a cry of alarm sounded from a distant table. We rushed over only to find that an inadvertent waiter had spilled the hot contents of a soup plate on a child's shoulder. Rushing to the spot from the table opposite came the world-renowned Doctor Delor Andrew Jackson Bombardier, specialist in the treatment of "burns," who immediately took the child to the hospital. Later we found that the child's name was Julia Mead, daughter of one of our classmates, Julia Shay.

On our way down town, I was very much excited at seeing on a large billboard, a familiar name and face, Byron Brady of world renown. Finding that the programme included more of my illustrious classmates I resolved to attend. The great musician played a selection from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and as I listened, I remembered how the same Byron Brady used to inspire us every morning in assembly. Eva Malatsky, Mary Bowe and Ruth Fuller were singing alto in the chorus. Tena Malatsky's bass seemed heavier than it used to be as she could take "G" or "A" or even "L" now with perfect ease. Harriet Davey whom I recognized by her dark brown eyes and rosy cheeks, Gertrude Paquet and Agnes Eckberg were singing soprano with Leo Denicore at the piano. I remarked that I thought Leo would go to the end of the earth if he thought he would find Agnes there. During the first intermission there was a specialty in which Mary DuPaul and Leonora Collius starred. They were engaged as twin ballet dancers, something after the nature of the Pavlova dancers. In the second intermission, Thirza Wilson gave a lecture entitled "How They Run Things Out Where I Live." Upon questioning I found that Thirza after completing her course at Columbia, had thought it wise to establish a girls' college and that Rosamond Wheeler, A. B., Professor of English, Mary McMasters, A. B. C., D. A. L., Professor of Logic, and Winifred Regan, B. A., Ph. D., M. D., X. Y. Z., L. T., A. R. G., Professor of Physiology, were assisting her.

The remainder of the afternoon we spent in shopping at the Gilliland, Sherman & Falsey Department Store on Alberta Avenue, the street having been named after millionaire McGovern's wife. The store was a wonder—they sold everything from jack-knives to aircycles. But the thing which most

attracted our attention was the fashion department. Upon our request two models appeared, of veritable loveliness in the latest Paris creations. One could not help but recognize the Duffy sisters. They told us that Constance Fee, Anna Nelson and Mary Phillips were also models in the "small size department," while Sarah Smith, Catherine Colligan and Olive DeGolia displayed the clothing for stout figures.

"What ever happened to your old friend, Bill Smith?" Kathleen asked. "Oh, Bill is teaching in a large government agricultural school at Altona. A government stone crusher is doing big business on one corner of the domain. He has only one assistant, his wife—Mary Conley Smith." Marjorie answered.

They also told us that Esther Hanna was keeping a hair dressing establishment in what had formerly been Plattsburgh, but which now went by the name of Hagarville, owned by Myrtle Gates and her husband.

Esther was kept busy most of the time, they told us, dressing Normal students' heads to suit Dr. Kitchell.

Roy Rumpff, they said, was doing a big business in Rouses Point representing the White Perambulator Company.

Our chat had lasted quite a time and we hurried to the rest room to refresh for dinner.

Seated on a couch, I noticed opposite me a lady watching me with curious intent. Presently she advanced and offered me her hand, which I had to stand on tiptoe to reach, for she was at least six feet and a half in height. Gazing upward, I said, "Madam, you have the advantage." "You don't remember Anna Miles?" she said. "I did, when she was here below," I answered. "What have you done thus to rise?"

Whereupon, she proceeded to inform me that she had for two years resided on an island off the coast of No Man's Land, where bubbled the Fountain of Perpetual Growth.

She gave me the name and address of the best inn and a letter of introduction to the proprietor.

I expect to sail—as soon as I get the price.

JULE COLLINS, '17.

Valedictory

Fond Class of 1917, we have met upon this most important occasion to celebrate our Commencement Day, a day that we have been anticipating for the past two years. No matter how hard and long the way proved at times our trials seemed to transform themselves into great pleasures whenever our gaze shifted to the glorious day when we were to step out from beneath the protecting portals of our beloved Alma Mater to begin our journey through life, well counselled as to the channels through which to pilot our frail barks to the harbor of a bright and happy future.

We must pause to extend our heartfelt thanks for the perseverance and wonderful interest which you, our faculty, have shown in our behalf at all times. Sheltering us from harmful experiences, yet taking care that we suffer trials enough to make us resourceful, you knew that we would cope with many grievous tribulations before our journey was complete. From every heart is poured forth a wonderful feeling of appreciation for your untiring efforts in our behalf.

More than ever before does the importance of our chosen field of work reveal itself. Upon the training received at the hands of the teacher depends the future citizen of this grand and glorious country of ours. That the future of Columbia may be bright it is essential that the teacher toil earnestly and long to prepare the coming generation to assume its responsibilities and execute them with an eye single to our Country's Honor and Glory.

But with all our smiles and light heartedness there looms up before us a dark cloud that at times almost overshadows our joy. This is the cloud of severed companionships. Close associations have sprung up and with the very thought that we shall never again assemble as of yore a shudder of despair passes over us.

No, we shall never meet again as a class but the great comforter "Memory," without which life would be stripped of much of its brighter side, still lingers with us.

So in these last moments when we must say farewell to Our School, Our Faculty and Our Friends we look to "Memory" to repair the many rents in our spirit of happiness.

D. BYRON BRADY.

Evening

Brilliant crimson and golden,
In all its gorgeous light
The sun sends its lingering beams
Into the gathering night.
Each soft cloud is tinted
With its rose or lavender hue,
Then comes the gray and far away
Follows the night's deep blue.
As the low declining sun
Pauses on the threshold of eve,
To send its last long mellow rays
With the darkness of night to weave,
So with a glorious light
May our lives be illumed each one,
To send its beauty as we pause
On the threshold, when day is done.

MILDRED S. HILL.



SECOND CORRIDOR

Honorary Elections

Class Shark	Thirza Wilson
Class Grind	Anna White
Class Boss	Emelie Schaad
Class Beauty	Harriet Davey
Class Giggler	Frances Hewitt
Class Crank	Rosamond Wheeler
Class Athlete	Roy Rumpff
Class Gossiper	Gladys Smart
Class Bluffer	Kate McMartin
Class Apollo	Benjamin Haynes
Class Saint	Arthur Deane
Class Flirt	Anna Miles
Class Skinny	Catherine Colligan
Class Fatty	Verecunda McGanley
Class Prima Donna	Allen Hall
Class Dancer	Mary DuPaul
Lady's Man	Ivan Edwards
Tomboy	Lucy Cutting
Mamma's Boy	Patrick Cogan
Most Conceited	Edith Soper
Most Popular	Alberta Shearer
Most Sarcastic	Anna McCrea
Wittiest	Jule Collins
Teacher's Pet	Adella Mattson
Faculty's Adviser	Byron Brady
Class Fashion Plate	Majorie Duffy
Old Maid	Margaret Burke
Happy-Go-Lucky	Mary Cadigan
Most Popular Man in the General Course	Delor Bombardier
Faculty's Goats	They're turned out
Class Worriers	Emily Johnson and Ida Cohen



Roasts.

Our Senior Friends

We have many famous Seniors
This you know so well.
And about these famous people
Some stories I will tell.

Mr. Brady tall and slim
Plays upon his violin.
Draws out his watch—a golden toy
On which is B. B.—for Baby Boy.
Patrick Cogan, so they say
Gets his head swelled more each day.
Leo sets up such a row,
“Order Cardinals from me now.”
Brother Deane steps forth to say
Prayer meeting twice a day.
Mr. Edwards’ dainty feet
To the Barber’s takes him fleet.
If you want to get Erma sore
Ask her what the T. stands for.
Mr. Allen—big and thick
Takes a junior for his pick.
Emily Johnson, sad to say
Bones her sweet young life away.
Stop—Look—Listen, Who is here?
The famous general—Bombardier.
Allen Hall takes to dancing
Like a donkey does to prancing.
To Miss Hladky I’d like to say
That if she yelled “Straw” ’twould be cheaper than “Hey.”
Olive’s university answers long will stay
When she has long since passed away.
Agnes Eckberg’s fame is known
From the Frigid to the Torrid zone.
(If you don’t believe it, ask her.)
Alexander the Great might be good in his day
But his namesake has beat him in most every way.
She took a high aim—’Twas after Divinity.
But she came down a peg and took Mr. Fenaughty.

Margaret Barber looks so glum
She has lost her chewing gum.
Ben Haynes thought he was too slow
So he went to the barracks to make some dough.
M. Scharrer, E. Schaad and J. Shay
Old maids they are bound to stay.
Miss Nelson's orations are known far and wide
'To all of her teachers she sure is a prize.
Adella Mattson, don't forget
Is Dr. Kitchell's oldest pet.
These famous people, I dare say
Will all be millionaires some day.



HOW MUCH WORK DO YOU DO AT SCHOOL? ARE YOU WITH THE AVERAGE?

There are 40 weeks in each school year which amount to	280 days
Most of us have at least 15 hours each day for recreation and sleep, or about	175 days
This leaves	105 days
From this we must deduct 40 Saturdays and 40 Sundays	80 days
There now remain	25 days
Vacations during the school year amount to at least	15 days
Leaving only	10 days
We all waste a 45 minute study period each day or about	9 days
Therefore we really work but	1 day

And if we are sick for a week—Oh, well! What's the use of argning—School days are the happiest days.

She always darned her hose with silk,
The holes were quite extensive
The price of silk was very high
Which made them darned expensive.

Ay had a date one night
An' to hold it ay'd give a mint
But to my sorrow that very day
A message to me was sint,
Come up to me party,
We'll hâve a Welsh Rarebit;
O conrse ay could naw say no
Cause ay wanted to make a hit.
So ay called up the lassie
An spread my tale o' woe
Ay am sorry that it's jist like this
But ye see ay cannaw go.
Ay wint to this fine party
It surely was a treat
We heard a lot o' stories
An' had little things to eat.
Anyway ay am thankful
For the things ay really et,
An' as the evening came to a close
My date ay'll always regret.

Daddy-Long-Legs—Edwards.

The Flirt—Helen Woodruff.

He Comes Up Smiling—Pat Cogan.

Here's to all of us;
We never fuss, or cuss,
Not one of us;
So here's to all of us.

Dr. Henshaw—"What is going on in the next room?"

Student—"They are having a cheese party."

Dr. Henshaw—"Well, I wish they would cheese it."

Mr. Sinclair says "some historians are off their trollies. Some of their statements are ah! Hem! Incorrect." Some?

First Junior—"What do you think, my birthday comes on Easter Sunday this year!"

Second Junior—"Mine doesn't. Mine comes in June again."

Mr. Taylor—"Do you like the water?"

Miss Wilson—"Oh! yes! Home we go out in a boat and catch all the swells."

"Pray who are the swells in Lake Placid?"

Dr. Henshaw—"What became of Lancaster and Dr. Bell?"

Brit—"Well in the course of time they both died."

Mr. Taylor (to Girard who was nearly standing on his head on a table to weave a basket)—"I don't think that basket will object if you turn it the other way."

Hall—"In the U. S. there are over 60,000,000 heads of cattle and over 65,000,000 hogs."

Mr. Sinclair—"Hogs! more or less."

Mr. Shallies—"Ingles are always men and we speak of them in masculine gender."

Miss Collins—"Well, Mr. Shallies, Ingles always have hair."

Mr. Shallies (covering up his own head)—"Well, most men have, Miss Collins."

Dr. Henshaw—"How did Oberlin get its name?"

Brit Miller—"Well, when the man first discovered Berlin he was so surprised that he said 'O, Berlin' and when he came home he named a school Oberlin in memory of the discovery" (then she sat down).

IN HALL OF FAME

Alberta's Essay	Edith's Conceit
Cogan's Size	Connie's Freckles
Nelson's Tax Oration	Julia's Voice
Brady and Scriver's Band	Fox's Savage
Mila's Colds (Cowles)	Kate's Walk
Thirza's Gift of Gab	Ruth's Dneky

Dr. Henshaw, to Zekla Miller (who had just sneezed like the pop of a safety valve)—“I thought you were trying to pronounce your first name.”

We advise Connie McGauley to get a bottle of ketchup to help her get to school on time.

Advice to those who go to school
Where gossip never ceases
Be careful how you pick your friends
And don't pick them to pieces.

SIX ORIGINAL REASONS WHY MARGARET D'ARCY LIKES TO TALK:

1. Because I can talk fluently.
2. Because my mouth looks well in action.
3. Because I show my nice teeth (the two in front are mine by purchase).
4. Because I want to get rid of some hot air.
5. Because my month is good sized.
6. Because I have a good line-o-talk.

HE MUST BE NEAR A THOUSAND YEARS OLD NOW!

Ben sings in chapel every morning—yesterday he sang “She sleeps in the valley” by special request.

Miss Schaad—“Are we going to have our regular daily test today?”

Dr. Henshaw—“Considering the fact that April fool's day comes between now and Monday I feel justified in saying that these papers are not for tests” (the phool colored).

Voice on the Phone—“Are the lights on in your house?”

Helen Bond—“Do you mean the electric lights?”

Voice—“Yes.”

Helen Bond—“Yes they are all on.”

Voice—“Please blow them out then.”



When Those Seniors
Talk too Much

When a Critic asks a pupil-teacher for something original, she gets:

"You ask me for something original
I hardly know how to begin;
For there's nothing original in me
Except original sin!"

Victoria—"I dreamed last night I was in Heaven."

Girard—"Did you see me there?"

Victoria—"I did. It was then I knew I was dreaming."

A steam roller rolled on a stray canine
And flattened him east and west;
He hadn't a chance to utter a whine
But his pants no doubt were pressed!

Senior—"What are you doing now?"

Junior—"I'm collecting."

Senior—"Collecting what?"

Junior—"My thoughts."

Senior—"Gosh, you always were lucky in getting light work."

Junior—"I heard today that Minerva sprang from the head of Jove."

Senior—"Yes, sort of an extract from the bean, as it were."

Advice—When we find people all wrapped up in themselves the package is apt to be small.

Kate McM. (glancing at Jule shivering)—"What's the matter, Jule, chilly?"

Jule (looking up from her study of S. A.)—"No, I'm Argentina."

Junior—"Why do we spell Government with a big G?"

Wise and Venerable Senior—"Because we could hardly begin government without a capital."

Advice—*Remember Juniors—*

Little journeys to the movies,
Little wanderings to the show;
Visitations to the Colonial
Make the money go!

Dr. Henshaw (just after dissensing tears)—"What are the three phases of the mind's activity?"

Marion Martin (triumphantly)—"Nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen."

LOVE OF GEOGRAPHY

I.

Breathes there a girl with fear so dead
Who never to herself has said—
"This is my favorite class in school!"
Whose heart has ne'er within her thumped
When Anne upon her a question jumped;
But answered quickly, calm and cool!
If—such there breathe,
Go—mark her well! Give her a note
That will make her head swell;
Whatever her manner; whatever her name,
Of all the deserving, she deserves fame!

—*Anonymous.*

Wanted—A promising genius to compose a march for the JUNIORS.

Pupil—"Shall I erase this sentence from the board, Miss Lacey?"

Miss Lacey—"If you can find any other means of getting it off, you needn't."

Pupil-Teacher—"Edward, do you know the causes of the Revolution?"

Edward—"No, do you?"

Mr. Shallies—"What is the difference between a vision and a sight?"

Bombardier—"Why you can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but don't ever call her a sight."

Edith Soper—"You needn't argue, I know I'm right; what I don't know wouldn't fill a primer!"

Eleanor Johnson could fall down and be half way home. So could Mr. Correll.

Fair was his hair like fairy flax,
His cheek like the dawn of day;
But when a maiden did appear,
Poor Hall just faded away.

FOUND—LOST—WANTED

WANTED—A way to evade study, by Kate McMartin.

A lady-friend, by Byron Brady.

An idea, must not be too weighty, by Pat Cogan.

To know where I got all my conceit, by Edith Soper.

More nights in the week on which to call, by Bombardier.

Dr. Kitchell—"Miss Martin, how many pounds in a bushel of wheat?"

Marion—(dreaming of dinner)—"Potatoes?"

Miss McGauley—"Give me a sentence containing the word 'off' used correctly."

Edward Dodds—"You're a little bit off."

Mr. Shallies—"Are you ear-minded or eye-minded, Miss L. Collins?"

Stage Whisper—"Neither, you're weak-minded."

First Junior—"Do you expect to pass Logic?"

Second Junior—"I don't even expect to catch up with it."

THE GEOGRAPHY HOUR

I

Between the hours of two and three,
When the sun is beginning to lower;
Comes a pause in Normal's calmness
Which is known as Geography Hour.

II

From our study we see in the corridor,
Ascending the broad hall stair,
Miss Carroll with step quick and stately;
We sigh—for we'll soon be "up there."

III

A signal and then a rushing,
And we clamber up the stair;
Each one questioning the other's knowledge,
While standing is each one's hair.

IV

A whisper—and then a silence,
For we see by her merry eyes,
She is reading us through on the instant
And will take someone by surprise.

V

An unexpected question—
Then a general survey—
While each girl is quietly praying
That the question won't come her way.

VI

The drops of perspiration
Stand out on the victim's brow;
She tries to be calm and steady,
But who could be so now?

VII

She almost chokes up old Webster
In her attempt to please;
But pleasing Miss Anne Carroll is—
Something that can't be done with ease!

Dr. Kitchell—"What is the direction of the corn belt?"

Miss Jaques—"North and south."

Dr. Kitchell—"Be sure you get your belt running in the right direction.
Your belt runs north and south and it should run east and west."

Miss Miller—"I know I am going to die."

Mr. Myers—"What color, blonde?"

Bennie Sinclair—"I do wish some of you would answer something right about
the lesson once in a while. This is becoming a very painful performance. If it
continues it will become laughable."

Mr. Sinclair—"Miss Smith, tell about England's commerce during the 16th
century."

Miss Smith talked for about five minutes.

Mr. Sinclair (interrupting)—"Where did you get all that information?"

Miss Smith—"I don't know. I thought I got it out of the book."

Brit Miller—"Monasteries gave us the little knowledge we have today."

Mr. Thompson—"We always want the horse before the cart."

Stage Whisper—"Not when you are backing up."

Mr. Sinclair—"The Lord have mercy on us if we don't knock the Underwood
Tariff to a place where it ought to go."

Why do the Junior girls wear so many colors?

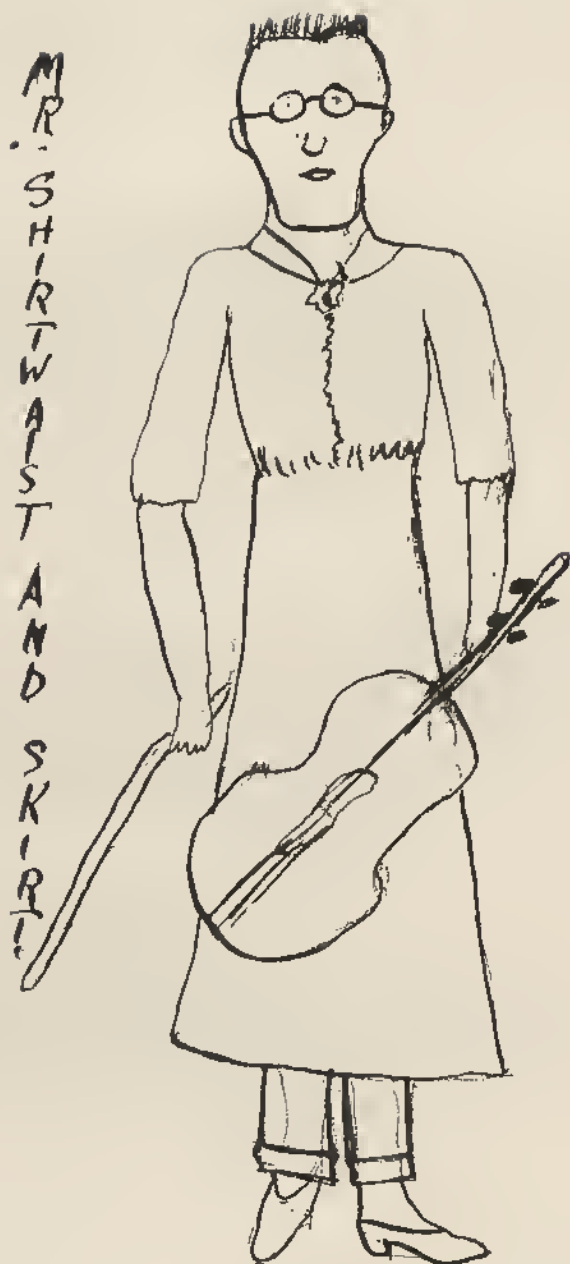
They want to cover up the green.

First Student—"Did you know Catherine Robb was going to War?"

Second Student—"War on (Warren) who?"

First Student—"Mr. Sinclair jarred Fenaghtly by calling his attention to
a mispronounced word."

Second Student—"Why jar him? Can him!"



Miss Keis (in Chapel)—"Now this side sing the part—'Shall fade from my heart'—and the boys also—'shall fade from my heart.'" (We doubt it Miss Keis).

Mr. Shallies—"You can never call an angel 'she' because angels are always men."

Voice from Front—"Yes, but men aren't always angels."

Dr. Kitchell—"Miss Herwerth, how do you classify People? Take the Juniors for example."

Miss Herwerth, (hesitating).

Voice in the rear—"Don't swear Miss Herwerth."

Mr. Toild—"Has any one had any mistakes?"

Miss McCrea—"I hail one wrong. I turned it wrong side out."

Dr. Kitchell—"What logical fallacy is there in the following: 'Vote for Hughes if you want the taxes lowered.'"

Pat—"He is the wrong man."

Mr. Sinclair—"If some one wants you to buy something and it costs too much you can tell them to go somewhere else."

Mr. Toild—"How do you write world?"

S. Smith—"oo. oo."

Class—"Stop flirting, Sarah."

DOMESTIC SCIENCE NOTE

Only a woman's hair, binding "the New" to "the past."

Only a single thread, too pale to last!

Only a woman's hair, threading a tear and a sigh.

Only a woman's hair—found today in the PIE.

Pat Cogan is getting reckless in his spending. Last night he spent the entire evening. Go light, Pat!

The difference between Ila and Connie is droll—

Connie sees the doughnut and Ila sees the hole!

Mr. Sinclair—"What was the result of women being employed in factories during the English Industrial Revolution?"

Miss Retchless—"Houses were abandoned."

Mr. Sinclair—"Nobody Home!"

PSALM OF NORMAL LIFE

I

Tell us not in soothing accents
Normal life is but a cinch
For our tests would all be failures
If we didn't know how to pinch!

II

Logic's hard; Kitchell's cunning,
He gives but little chance to cheat
Yet they're many who can fool him
Tho' he's mighty hard to beat.

III

Not a front seat but a back one
Is our destined end and way
And we pray that each tomorrow
We'll find one better than today.

IV

"Grinds," who, when sitting near us
Do not wish to cheat
Are detested by all other
Students, whom they chance to meet.

V

Let us then be getting busy
Cheating, cribbing, all we can
And the first who tattles on us
Annihilate her if we can.

VI

In the grave class of Geography
In the sleepy one of "Psy"
No one cares just how she does it
If she manages to "Get by!"

—ANONYMUS.

First Junior—"Of course that story about John is between us two."

Second Junior—"And between us two it ought to get a pretty wide circulation."

GREETING TO JUNIORS FROM SENIORS

Remember us when far far off, where the woodchucks die of the whooping cough!

MORE ADVICE TO JUNIORS

Don't cram or worry too much
Juniors, because remember—
The worried cow would have lived till now
If she'd only saved her breath.
But she feared the hay wouldn't last till *now*.
So she choked herself to death!

When Mr. Girard stepped into the restaurant (when plastering was being done) and fell into the *mortar* trough, you may be sure he was nearly *mortified* to death; and when, in his embarrassment, he went to get a drink and drank the fire extinguisher, imagine how *put out* he must have been.

Dr. Henshaw (to Miss Fox fighting for Junior colors)—“Miss Fox, you look just like a “Savage” when you do that.”

TO MARTHA KATZ

Thy years are few
Thy form is lean
Thy face is fair
But thou art green.

OF CHRISTINE NUNER

Christine is smart without a doubt
But no one yet has found it out.

A BASE BALL GAME

The game opened. Molasses at the stick, Measles was catching, Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn was playing first, Fiddle was playing second and Glue was holding down third. Measure was short. Mud, Potatoes, and Corn were in the field. Apple was umpire.

When Axe came to bat he chopped out a single. Cigar let Side walk and Sawdust filled the bags. Song made a hit and Twenty who was running for Axe made a score. Next three men were put out. Then Foot kicked and said Apple was rotten.

Balloon tried to pitch but went up in the air, then Cherry tried but it was a wild one. Spider caught a fly. Ice kept cool until he was hit by a pitched ball and then you should have heard Ice (s) cream. Cabbage had a good head and

kept quiet. Old Grass covered lots of ground in the field. Organ refused to play because Bread loafed so they put him out.

In the fifth inning Wind began to blow about what he could do and then Crowd yelled because Hammer knocked. Knife slashed out a double but was out for cutting first. Fish was caught napping and they all yelled when Light was out. Peanut was wasted in the game.

There was a lot of betting on the game. Glass went broke but Soap cleaned up everything. Firecracker blew up in the ninth when Pig began to root. Apple told Cello to take the base. Cat made a scratch hit while Pin made another. Trombone slid but was out at the plate, score 1 to 0.



THE TERROR OF THE NORMALITE

Dr. Kitchell (meeting Bombardier on street)—“Young man, do you attend a place of worship?”

Bombardier (absent-mindedly)—“Yes, Dr. Kitchell, I’m going to see her now.”

Page one hundred and one

Haynes—"I never knew until today why I couldn't write."

Senior—"Why was it?"

Haynes—"I never knew how to hold my hand."

Senior—"Who taught you, Ben?"

Miss Keis (after much persuasion)—"Come now, Miss Smart, stand up and sing."

Miss Smart remains seated while class giggles.

Miss Keis—"Well, Miss Smart, why on earth don't you stand?"

Miss Smart (smartly)—"Because I can't stand to be laughed at."

Sarah Smith (conducting meeting)—"While you're waiting, think whether you want to meet before supper or after."

Girls (in chorus)—"Oh, after supper!"

Sarah—"Well, your thoughts are certainly loud."

Jule (to Junior)—"Oh, Lord! if I couldn't talk without using slang, I wouldn't talk at all."

Foxy—"You shot off slang then yourself, Collins."

Jule—"Yes, but it wasn't vulgar."

Foxy—"No, it was Heavenly!"

Brady—"Say, Denicore, what do you like best about Frances A.?"

Denicore—"My arms."

Mr. Todd—Each is in position, where does the word sign "chay" go?

Juniors in chorus—Out of position.



We always laugh at the Teachers' jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny jokes
But because it's policy.

Elizabeth Carmody—

Little specks of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Make Lizzie's little freckles
Look as tho' they ain't.
Blushes may come and blushes may go,
But freckles hang on forever!

A JUNIOR'S ONLY JOY

"For what should I be happy?"
Mused the Junior with a sigh,
"My days are full of Logic,
Arithmetic and 'Psy'!
The weeks so long and dreary
Are filled with scraps and strife;
'Orals' make dark the happiness
Which I might find in life!"

Then glancing 'round about her
She gave a stifled cry,
For she didn't have her Gym lesson
And the period was nigh,
The plan which she had written
And left upon the shelf,
Had been torn by baby-brother
(The convenient little elf)!

Then somewhere from the darkness,
For the tears had made her blind,
A large and solemn book of gray
Came sweetly to her mind,
She loved its dog-eared pages,
Which were learned with so much strife;
Her Tarr and McMurry Geography
Was her only joy in life!

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Mr. Shallies—"Could you concentrate your mind on a book so that you wouldn't realize the dinner bell had rung until two hours after it had?"

Miss Cornwright—"It's according to what kind of a breakfast I'd had."

Mr. Thompson—"What is good for fire protection in buildings?"

Miss Burns (speaking in a low voice)—"Life preservers."

Student—"Did you ever read 'David Copperfield?'"

Mr. T.—"No, but I have read some of his works."

Junior—"I don't see how they can write on invisible typewriters when you can't see them?"

Oh! do you know, Miss Carroll,

That words can never tell

What a great relief it is to all

When we hear that second bell?

Be it ever so humble there's no face like your own.

Dr. Kitchell—"What does a cyphon look like?"

Ruth Gloor—"Like U (you)—upside down."

New Cumberland Hotel

That's All

R. J. CLARK, Prop.

First, Evelyn Retchless robbed the church of poor Brother Deane. Now she has gone to the other extreme and robbed the prison.

'Round Helen Bond a mystery hangs,
We wonder why she's wearing bangs.

Uneasy lies the head that wears the frown. Guess who?

Some love two,
Some love three;
But I love one,
And that one's—me!

If S—I, an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell Sn;
And an E and a Y and E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell Side,
There is nothing much for a speller to do
But go commit sionxeyesighed!

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Dr. K.—“Read your ninth example, Miss Palmer.”

Miss P.—“I gave a man a note the first of June.”

(How on earth does she remember the date of all her notes?)

SOME DON'TS FOR THE JUNIORS

1. Don't pay attention when the teacher is explaining the subject. Keep on gazing out of the window or become suddenly interested in some book. If the subject is very important take a nap, you will absorb it easier and that's the only way ever to acquire knowledge.
2. Don't move about quietly or noiselessly. Take your time, there is no hurry, you have several years to get around in and make a lot of noise. That's what makes the class appear keen and orderly.
3. Don't keep quiet when you're not asked to speak out! And when you're feeling exceptionally good, laugh aloud. Life is too short to waste any time looking unhappy. These are the only ways to express your opinion candidly.
4. And above all girls and boys, don't ever learn your lessons! If you did you might know a little more than you do at present and of course that's not right.

Page one hundred and eight

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He recognizes but three lights—Himself, the Sun and the Moon.

Junior (working manufacturing set)—“Is this double entry?”

Senior—“Gosh, I don’t know! What did he say it was?”

Katherine Conway’s favorite bird is the Jay.

Surely the reason we need not say.

Billy Butts is home from Brown :
That’s why Willis wears a frown :
Mollie’s now so occupied
She has just let Willis slide.
For with a College Man in tow,
High school kids she thinks too slow.

But he needn’t look so glum,
For September soon will come :
When, with Billy far away,
She won’t find this burg so gay,
And will quickly whistle back
The lad she lately gave the sack.

Page one hundred and ten

Normal Instructor---Primary Plans

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Advice—Juniors—

Smile and the world smiles with you
Kick and you kick alone;
For the smile worth while will let you in
Where the kicker is never known.

All good girls love their brothers,
But goodness in you has grown,
For you're getting so very good
You love other girl's brothers as well as your own!

From Seniors to Juniors—

Darwin says we're descendants of the monkey,
And really don't you know,
When we look at you dear Juniors
We think it must be so!

To Mabel Austin—

Don't get discouraged, Mabel—
Large streams from little fountains flow
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.



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Junior I—"Frances rendered 'Home Sweet Home' most beautifully in the singing class to-day."

Junior II—"Yes, so beautifully in fact that everyone began to think of home at once."

OVERHEARD IN THE MOVIES

"But Irene," Bomby was saying,

"To-night I am wondering why

The fairest of angels, should marry

So worthless a fellow as I."

"If such is the case, tho' I doubt it

'Then well for us both it must be."

She replied. "They say we should marry

Our opposites always, you see!"

Dr. Kitchell once said that this school is not a matrimonial agency. I am afraid one would doubt it if he looked in the music room—chapel hall—the corridors—the bank—the gym—and ante-room—and several other rooms in the building. Outside of these places Dr. Kitchell is right.

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Personally I am no judge of singing but if you ever heard Ben trying to hit high "C"——

JOKES

The Senior fellows talking about the war.

A girl in Normal that is not saying anything.

Dr. Henshaw—What is Ethical Interest?

Student—Interest in the beauty and admiration of beauty. (Are you devoid of Ethical Interest Pat?)

I have a little Billy Goat
The boys all call him "Bunk"
He has two horns in front of him
He auto go Honk! Honk!

Adella can't do a thing with her hair since she had it laundered.

THE OWL PHARMACY

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Isn't it funny, why during the singing period, none of us know whether it is the pianist, the violinist, the singing teacher or ourselves that is out of tune?

Ruth Kenney is a bashful little maiden,
Who ne'er a word does say,
Except when called upon in class,
And then—She'll talk all day!

Junior—"What part of speech is woman?"

Mr. Shallies—"Woman is no part of speech. She is all of it!"

Mr. Shallies—"Compare ill, Miss Johnson."

Eleanor—"Positive ill, comparative pill, superlative bill."

They say Pat Cogan has taken up pinetnation. He is giving special attention to the Dot.

First Senior—"What makes the Juniors so green?"

Second Senior—"Yon see they're not at all (red) read."

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KATHLEEN HAD A LITTLE BEN

Kathleen had a little Ben
As everyone does know
And everywhere that Kathleen went
Her Ben was sure to go!

He took her home from school each day
Whether warm or cool
They tarried in the halls, they say
When they were in the school.

And so at four when school was out
Ben always lingered near
And waited patiently about
Till Kathleen did appear!

"Now, what makes Ben like Kathleen so?"
The curious Juniors cried
"Oh Katie likes her Ben you know"
Those who knew replied.

Page one hundred and sixteen

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It's easy enough to be pleasant
When your lessons are learned to a call,
But the guy worth while
Is the guy who can smile
When he hasn't a lesson at all!

Humpety Charlie stood in the hall
When he saw Frances he had a great fall
All Henshaw's knowledge and Kitchell's pains
Could not restore poor Carpenter's brains.

It's a long, long time before the classes
It will surely go too slow
It's a short, short walk into the hallway
To the nicest girl you know.
Good bye dear old teachers
Farewell one and all
It's a long, long time before the classes
So I'm going into chapel hall.
(Tune of Tipperary).

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Miss Wilson to Miss McNutt—"What can you do to help defend your country, can you shoulder a gun?"

Miss McNutt—"No, and I don't care to learn."

Miss Wilson—"Well, can you string a bow (bean)?"

Miss McNutt (very innocently)—"No, I can't but I wouldn't mind learning."

Helen is big and round and jolly,
Good-natured in her way
Talking every instant of the livelong day!

"One of the instructors called Fenaghty's bluff about timeliness."
"Guess he did and vice versa."

Senior—"Dr. Kitchell is a good fellow. He's always helping some one out."

Junior—"Yes, I know. I went in late the other day and he helped me out, too."

In a restaurant they met,
Mac and Violet,
Mac is still in debt
For what?—*V-i-o-l-et* (ate).

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ADOLESCENCE

I'm making a bluff, big as ever I can,
To cut out being a kid and set up for a man,
And it's up to me now not to make a bad break
And let on to the girls that I'm only a fake;
I'm aching with Artie and Willie to play,
But them kids wear knee-pants, and 'twould give me away.
It don't worry me now that I ain't really bright—
If I act good and grouchy I'll seem so all right;
I just have to talk big, and "knock," and act mean,
Or no kid would believe that I'm really fifteen.
That I flunk half my school-work don't hurt me a bit;
With my classy long-pants bet your life I am it!

D. A. J. B.

Since Bomby won't tell what those two letters spell
In his signature, how could he say
That he's not treated fair, should his class-mates declare
Their one young man is A. J.?

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We had a lecture in Commercial History. Mr. Sinclair began with the pre-historic man and ended with the 15th amendment.

Mr. Thompson—"Mr. Wolfe, when are crops not ready?"
Wolfe—"When they are not planted."

Mr. Sinclair—"Do you think we have enough time for Economics?"
Miss Eckberg—"Well I could use more."

Mr. Sinclair—"Well if you will all use the time given, you won't have to worry. I don't worry. Some say I should worry. You should worry. Well I should worry, you shouldn't worry. I shouldn't worry. Don't you worry. I don't worry."

Voice in front—"Ich ka hible."

Miss Regan—"Congratulations, Mr. Todd, I heard you were elected chief justice of peace."

Mr. Todd—"Say, what do you know about politics?"

"They have begun housekeeping already. Pat and Dot wash their own dishes at King's. Ask 'em.

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DAFFYDILS.

If Dot is Lions is Martha Katz (cats) no but Flora Purv is.

If Ruth's Buck is Bomba-deer?

If Irene Burns will Elizabeth Bak-er?

If Carpenter built a house would Ruth Slat-er?

If Ruth Kenny is bright is Gladys Smart?

If I made a dress would Mildred Tucker and Ruby Turner and Edith
So-(p)-er?

If Anna is a Goodman is Walter (Fe)-naughty?

I saw a little shiny thing
It looked so good to me
I picked it up and now I wish
I'd let that Bumble-bee.

I have a Bantam Rooster,
He hasn't any hair
I think it's very funny
Because his comb is there.

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First Junior—"Guess we will have C for president—he is the nicest looking."

Second Junior—"Goodness, I wish we had more to pick from."

First Junior (after election)—"There's the one you were thinking about. He got it."

Second Junior—"Isn't it strange? He isn't so bad looking now since he shaved his mustache."

Mr. Shallies—"Give me a definition of space."

Miss Katz (condescendingly)—"Why I really can't express it but I have it in my head." (Who would have thought it, Martha?)

Dr. Henshaw—"Is that right?"

Boy Student—"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Dr. Henshaw—"What is the matter?"

Student—"The answer to that question made me think of how the war broke out."

Dr. Henshaw—"How did the war break out?"

Student—"I don't know."

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Page one hundred and twenty-five

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FANCY
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Miss Bond (near end of term)—"Who are our class officers?"

Miss Karlen—"It's a good thing our President didn't wear his soldier suit when he had the picture taken, he looks bad enough without it."

Mr. Shallies—"Why it wasn't good for anything—not worth a hill of beans."
Ida Cohen—"I wonder if he knows the price of beans."

Adella Mattson got caught in the rain today without any umbrella. Would you believe it?

Life is a joke and all things show it
Look at the Juniors and then you'll know it.

Conductor—"Your fare, Miss."

Junior—"Really, do you think so?"

Mr. Shallies—"Name one of Shakespeare's greatest works."

Junior—"Julio and Romiette." "Why not omelette or croquette?"

Mr. Sinclair—"There is certainly a more intelligent look on the faces of the Chinese boys than upon those of the girls—which, of course, is only natural in any race. Our race being no exception."

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE NOTES

Miss Steele—"For goodness sake, how long did you boil these eggs?"

Stupid Junior—"Just as long as you told me to, Miss Steele."

Miss Steele—"Impossible! why they are as hard as bricks."

Junior—"Well, I boiled them just twelve minutes!"

Miss Steele—"But I told you three minutes was long enough for an egg."

Junior—"Yes, but Miss Steele I boiled four of them!"

WEATHER INDICATIONS

Serene and calm—Agnes Eckberg.

Fair but moody—Doris Housinger.

Cloudy—Christine Nemer.

Dark, with occasional hurricanes—Margaret O'Neill.

Fretful, with occasional showers—Ida Cohen.

Tell us not in mournful accents
General Course is but a dream;
For Physical Training is Torture
And teaching is not what it may seem.

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Eclairs Cream Puffs
and Macaroons*

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*In making them to order you get them
fresh from the oven, thus making them
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Mr. Shallies—"Once when I was in a buggy, rather than get out and take a clothes-line out of the way I drove right past it. Of course it took the top of my buggy right off."

Stage Whisper—"Was that when you lost your buggy-top, Mr. Shallies?"

Teacher—"What is the appearance of a Jersey cow?"

Miss Darcy—"It is red."

Teacher—"I don't think you are well read."

OUR SCHOOL

Boys' study hall—peace and quiet.

Chapel—study and recitations.

Music room—Couples and bosh.

Halls—Dates and appointments.

Ante room—General raking over.

Girls' study hall—Gossip and slander.

T's room—Me and Myself.

Shorthand room—Work and work.

Commerce room—Lectures in motions.

Education room—Tests and jokes.

The Normal is all right

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Page one hundred and twenty-nine

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EDUCATOR
DOROTHY DODD

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Gert McNutt—"My, I'm scared. I have to go on the rostrum tomorrow."

Leonora Collins—"Oh, don't mind, Gert, no one will see you."

Quoth—"Methinks that we could build a nice building with all the block-heads in the Junior class."

Girard (asleep)—"ZZZ SCHIZZSWASH."

Dr. Henshaw—"Please repeat the question Mr. Girard."

Girard—"Awakening; ah, ah hem, um!"

Dr. Henshaw—"Good, you have made a fine start, now say something."

LAW

Potential existence is existence which never existed nor does not exist at present but will exist in the future if possible.

Give an example of heat on expansion!

Bright Freshie—"In winter when the temperature is low and it is cold the days are short. In summer when the mercury is high and it is hot the days are long. Short—Long—Expansion." Well done.

Dr. Kitchell—"What agricultural products do you get from Denmark?"

Miss Slater—"We get butter, eggs and dairy products." ???

BOOK PRINTING

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<i>Trees of Vermont</i>	:	<i>Burns-Otis</i>
<i>Military History of the United States</i>	:	<i>Reeves</i>
<i>Evolution of Congregationalism</i>	:	<i>Edmands</i>
<i>Buck Genealogy</i>	:	<i>Samuel Buck</i>

Free Press Printing Co., Burlington, Vt.

For Sale—Two grindstones. Apply to Miss Edith Soper and Anna White.

Mr. Shallies—"Miss Fox, you'll go on the rostrum next Friday."

Miss Fox (thinking that John would be there)—"Oh, Mr. Shallies, can't I go on some other day?"

Bombardier—"Why what is going on?"

Mr. Shallies—"Miss Fox is going on."

Ruth—"Ducky when are you going to get my ring?"

Ducky (terribly fussed)—"Wh-eh-what ring?"

Ruth—"Why, my class ring, isn't the order here?"

Ducky (a sigh of relief).

Query of Dr. Kitchell—"What is the advantage of knowing when leap year comes?"

Junior (putting foot on Mary Kelly's dress)—"Mary, take your foot away I'm not used to holding feet."

1st Senior—"Why, Ida, don't cry so—if you cry very much longer you'll be sick."

2nd Senior—"Yes, be careful or the squirrels will take you for a weeping willow and use you for nut storage."

Page one hundred and thirty-one

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Thinking of a Bank
do not forget

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First National
Bank**

OF
**Plattsburg
N. Y.**

CERTAINLY



**Bert B. Baker
TAXICABS**



Phone 181

20 Oak St., Plattsburg, N.Y.

Definition by Marion Fiske—"Shortness is the absence of length."

Sing a song of pulp maps,
Painted by the score;
When they all are finished
We'll have to make some more.

Helen's heart is so nearly broke
That her voice reminds one of a croak.

Pupil (working at training camp)—"Can a person be blamed for something he hasn't done?"

Mr. Sinclair—"Of course not."

Pupil—"Well, I haven't completed my History of Commerce notebook."

Mr. Shallies—"Never say awful unless 20 were killed."

Miss A.—"I love frogs' legs awfully well—(and twenty were killed)."

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